

# The Ypsilantian

SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1887.

NUMBER 371.

## Attention, Farmers

Up to the first day of March, every Tenth Pound of my

### 45c FINE CUT CHEWING TOBACCO

will be FREE to the purchaser.

It is the BEST TOBACCO for the money that was ever put on the market. Try a pound and if you happen to buy the Tenth Pound, it will cost you nothing.

## J. W. EHRMAN,

No. 7 Union Block.

A Complete Line of Cigars, Tobaccos and Pipes always on hand.

## PURE DRUGS.

The very best of every thing, dispensed by one who never makes a mistake, is what

## FRANK SMITH

offers to the public, and at PRICES always as low as such goods can be afforded. Please remember that

## ALBUMS, FANCY GOODS AND TOYS

are to be had for a few days at prices so low you will purchase if you look at them, for the stock must be reduced.

LOOK IN AT THE EMPORIUM  
IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.

We have had a House-Cleaning, and now we want a House-Clearing, and offer for the next Thirty Days at

## Clean Sweep Prices

### BOOTS AND SHOES

At money-saving prices!

### BOOTS AND SHOES

At money-reaching prices!

### BOOTS AND SHOES

At people-pleasing prices!

### BOOTS AND SHOES

At unearthly low prices!

## HEWITT & CHAMPION!

**Cure Yourself.**  
Don't pay large doctors' bills. The best medical book published, 100 pages, elegant colored plates, will be sent to you on receipt of three 2 cent stamps to pay postage. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

**Real Estate for Horses.**  
Wanted to exchange, house and lot, building new, and new barn, for horses. Address Box 809, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

**Wanted.**  
To communicate with the heirs of William Chapman, supposed to be living in Ypsilanti. Said Chapman was a painter by trade, was married at Buffalo, N. Y., about 1852, and died at Port Richmond, Staten Island. His mother was with him at the time of his death and attended his funeral at Rahway, N. J. Address Lock Box 200, Woodbridge, N. J.

No more trouble to build fires as you can get all the listing for kindling you want at Samson's wood yard or Davis's feed store for 5 cents a bunch. A bunch free with every half cord or more of wood.

When you want good choice potatoes and apples good reliable brand of flour and oat meal, leave your order at P. H. Devoe's, Congress St., south side.

Smoke the Mascotte, manufactured by Leland Smith & Co., Toledo. For sale by R. C. Coy, depot druggist. 7073.

Good underwear, 35c per garment, at the sale of the Joseph Kitchen stock.

The girl who wanted her fellow to smoke the Mascotte is now married and happy. For sale by R. C. Coy, depot druggist. 7073.

Go to Samson's wood yard or Ike Davis's feed store and buy your wood and get a bunch of kindling with each half cord or more, free. Listings for kindling 5 cents a bunch.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st.

A rare bargain in Real Estate. Farm of 80 acres on the Detroit and Saline Gravel Road six miles from Ypsilanti. Good buildings, good fences and fine young orchard. Every foot of land tillable. Will exchange for Ypsilanti City property.

FRED L. THOMPSON, Agent.  
\$300 only. House and lot, \$25 down and monthly payments.  
370 72 J. N. WALLACE & CO.

Money to loan on Real Estate, Fred L. Thompson.

P. H. Devoe, Congress street, south side, headquarters for choice apples, potatoes, rolled oats, granulated corn meal, Graham and buckwheat flour.

If the person who took letters from my pocket on the night of Feb. 4, 1887, will return them with their address to box 637 they will receive reward and no question asked.

## The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.  
SMITH & POWERS, Publishers.  
GEO. C. SMITH, PERRY F. POWERS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
Payable in Advance.  
Family Edition, eight pages: Per year, \$1.50; six months, 75c; three months, 40c; one month, 15c; single copies, 5c.  
Local Edition, four pages: Per year, \$1; six months, 50c; three months, 30c; one month, 10c; single copies, 3c.  
Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich.

**AN EXPERT ENGAGED.**—A resolution was introduced by Ald. Ainsworth, at the Monday meeting of the Council, to ascertain the cost of having Mr. W. R. Coates, of Lansing, a water-works expert, come here and investigate as to the probability of obtaining a supply of good water, and give information as to its probable cost. The resolution was carried.

**A WINTER FRESHET.**—For the third time within three weeks the snow has been swept away, and this time by a three day's rain which has raised the streams to a very unusual height. Not for fourteen years before has the Huron been so high, and a large part of the flats are covered with water. The ice here broke up and went out Tuesday forenoon without serious damage.

**TOO MUCH FAITH.**—One of our citizens having faith in the reliability of Detroit papers, made a wager that the fishery provisions of the treaty of Washington were terminated by notice from Great Britain, and not from the United States, two of the Detroit papers having shed light of that color upon their inquiring correspondents. Reference to the statutes passed by the 47th Congress showed, however, that the notice was given by this country in a joint resolution of Congress approved March 3, 1883. Our metropolitan contemporaries will please govern themselves accordingly.

**ORCUTT RESIGNS.**—A letter received from Mr. J. M. Orcutt, dated at Palmyra, N. Y., requests us to announce the fact that he has resigned his position as Superintendent of the Bohemian Oat and Cereal Company, and that as his stock has been transferred he is not in any way further connected with that company's business. The letter does not state who will succeed Mr. Orcutt as Superintendent, nor does it give any information in reference to the redemption of the Company's outstanding bonds, items of information that might be interesting to holders of bonds in this vicinity.

**HELD FOR THE MILAN BURGLARY.**—Last week, Edwin Bell and Chas. Crumb were detected in Jackson endeavoring to dispose of goods suspected of being stolen, and were arrested. Milan parties were notified and went to Jackson and identified the goods as part of the stock taken from a store there a week before. The following day, Thursday, Chas. Martin (Chuck), and Mark E. Beaubien were arrested in Detroit for complicity in the same offense. The boys had their examination at Milan, upon which Beaubien was discharged, and the other three held for trial in \$1,500 bail each, in default of which they went to jail. All of them have lived here.

**BURIED.**—The remains of W. C. Dailley, whose death at the Follett House was reported last week, were buried in Highland Cemetery, Monday afternoon. It has been suggested that possibly our remark that the cold causing his lung congestion probably resulted from his being out of bed in his room during the night, might give the impression that he did not have a warm and comfortable room. We hope not, and we think that would not be a fair inference. Certainly, we had no such information and intended no such meaning. It is easily conceivable that a sick, shattered and half-crazed man, up during the night, might take cold in a room that would be perfectly comfortable.

**STILL BOOMING.**—Never in its history has the Ypsilanti Sanitarium been so crowded with guests and health seekers as at the present time. The fame of the institution is fast spreading throughout the country, and among the guests now in the Sanitarium are representatives of more than half the states of the union. The improvements are being rapidly pushed forward and arrangements are being made to accommodate an immense spring and summer patronage. Dr. Hale is assisted by a corps of trained assistants, and the care and consideration extended to the many almost helpless invalids placed in their charge has won for the manager and his institution many words of sincere commendation. No exorbitant or unreasonable rates are charged—only fair, fixed fees for treatment and a moderate price for rooms and table board. The accommodations are first class in every respect, and the arrangements for treating the different forms of affliction, in the matter of improved appliances, to say nothing of the unequalled efficacy of the famous water, are not surpassed by any similar institutions in this country.

**MURDEROUS ASSAULT.**—Last Saturday night, Edward Mofford, colored, and Michael O'Neil, had some quarrel

over drinks in a saloon; and shortly afterward they met on the walk in front of Bennett's stable, when Mofford, who was armed with a board, struck O'Neil a terrible blow across the head, felling him to the ground. The injured youth was picked up and taken to his home, where it seemed for some time doubtful whether he would recover; but at latest reports he was doing well. Mofford fled, but was captured by officer Palmer and landed in jail without bail, to await examination set for to-morrow.

**PROHIBITION AMENDMENT MEETING.**—It is with pleasure we announce that a meeting will be held at the Opera House, next Tuesday evening, Feb. 15, under the auspices of Dr. McCorkle, Rev. Mr. Fairfield, Rev. Mr. Springer and Rev. Mr. Cheney, of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist and Baptist churches, in the furtherance of the prohibition amendment cause. Addresses will be made by the pastors named and perhaps by others. Admission will be free, and a general invitation is cordially extended to all. Inform your friends and neighbors of the meeting and invite them to attend. The meeting will open at 7:45.

**THE ALPINE CHOIR.**—There was a rush for reserved seats for the Alpine Choir Concert at Samson's book store this morning. The concert, which is to be given at the Opera House next Monday evening, will be a peculiar and delightful entertainment. The Tyrolean warbling and yodelling will be heard in their native perfection. The Choir is composed of eight persons, five ladies and three gentlemen, and the character of the vocal and instrumental music rendered by them is said to be not surpassed by any musical organization now traveling. A limited number of single admission tickets are yet for sale, at fifty cents each.

**SALE OF THE COMMERCIAL.**—The sale of the Ypsilanti Commercial to Henry and Fred Coe was made Monday of this week, and the new proprietors will take possession of the paper and office the first of March. The paper will not be changed in name; but it will undergo a political change and sail under a neutral flag. The new publishers are young men, industrious and ambitious, and THE YPSILANTIAN extends them a cordial greeting and a hearty welcome to their new field of labor. They have had experience in newspaper work and will doubtless much improve the tone and style of the Commercial. The plans of the several members of the Ypsilanti Commercial Company are as yet unknown.

**THE MILAN JOURNAL.** Mr. N. W. Wilcox, publisher, is no more, and the Milan Leader, A. B. Smith, publisher, is more than ever before. Wilcox has sold his business to Smith, and removes his material to Ashley. The change should be an advantage to Milan, as one paper can be made more valuable than two in a small field.

**—Licht und Schatten-Seiten.**—Light and Shady Side—is the name of a new German paper in Ann Arbor, by L. J. Leisner, publisher of the Washenaw Post. "Number 1," dated Feb. 26, is out. It is an eight-page literary sheet, illustrated, and makes a handsome appearance.

**A Mistake and Untruthful as Well.**  
In an Ypsilanti paper of last week an article appears stating that the appropriation to the Normal school was jeopardized on account of the bad sanitary condition of Ypsilanti. Such is a misstatement, as it was never urged by opponents of the measure, but its excellent sanitary showing was strenuously advanced by those favoring increased appropriations. Among them was Capt. Allen, the foremost member of the Normal school. Member of Congress elected. Another misstatement was that Dr. Hueston was chairman of the committee on Normal school. Trying to prejudice the public mind in favor of water works, by decrying and running down the sanitary condition of the city, is not a good way to induce an increase of our population, or to "poison the town," and will act as a boom-buster.

The above is from last week's Commercial. The heading is accurate as descriptive of the matter. No Ypsilanti paper said that Normal appropriations were jeopardized on account of the bad sanitary condition of Ypsilanti. THE YPSILANTIAN said two weeks ago that allegations of bad sanitary condition had been employed by opponents of Normal appropriations.

"Another misconception" of this wise "Legislator" is that Dr. Hueston was not chairman of the Committee on Normal school. If the gentleman who thus volunteers to correct our errors will refer to the Red Book of 1885, page 421, he will there find information that will doubtless be to his advantage in writing any further communications for the instruction of the public.

The pupils of Prof. Abel of the Normal Conservatory gave a piano recital, Tuesday afternoon, assisted by several of Miss Hayes' vocal pupils.

The entertainment of the Pigott sisters, at the Congregational church a week ago, netted enough to purchase the Sunday school library which was the object of the enterprise.  
Geo. McDougal will deliver an address at Dought Hall, Wednesday evening of next week, Feb. 16. His subject will be "Taxi for revenue only." An invitation to all is extended. Admission free.  
The educational entertainment given by Miss Marie Wilson at good Templars' Hall, last evening, under the auspices of Cleary's Business College Lyceum, was not largely attended. The entertainment had been announced for Tuesday evening, but the young lady failed to appear. Miss Wilson is free from affliction in her recitations, but it can hardly be said that she is yet fully equipped as a professional reader.

## The Royal Arcanum.

Preparing for an Initiation Banquet.

Among the many beneficiary secret societies now in existence in this country, none occupy a higher position in the estimation of persons qualified to judge of the merits of such societies than does the Royal Arcanum. This society was organized in Boston, June 23, 1877, in response to a demand for a larger death benefit than was then provided for by other societies. The purpose of secrecy is to more satisfactorily accomplish the stated objects of the order and to more effectually protect its interests.

Unusually successful, and satisfactory in all respects, has been the history of the Royal Arcanum since its organization in Ypsilanti. The Council counts in its membership many, the majority, perhaps, of our prominent business and professional men; its several death losses have been promptly paid in full, and its social features have been enjoyed. Application from the following gentlemen for membership were presented last Saturday evening: R. W. Hemphill, D. C. Batchelder, O. A. Ainsworth, H. P. Glover, M. G. Wood, E. C. Bowling, B. W. Kief, C. L. Yost, Frank Smith, E. R. E. Cowell, Austin George, E. H. Andrews, A. S. Turnbull, C. S. Wortley and J. B. Wortley, and several other applications are to be considered this evening.

The evening on which the above named gentlemen are received will be made the occasion of a grand banquet for which elaborate preparations are being made. Guests from Detroit, Jackson and Ann Arbor, are expected, among whom will be the Rev. Washington Gardner of Jackson, and Hon. S. S. Babcock, who will assist in the ceremonies.

Any who may wish to join the Council, or who may desire any information relating to the society, can apply to P. W. Carpenter or B. M. Damon.

## Assignment of J. H. Sanford.

We regret to announce that Mr. Sanford, grocer in Union Block, has found himself embarrassed to an extent that has compelled him to close his doors. He made an assignment, Tuesday evening, to C. A. Mapes, who has since been engaged in invoicing and getting affairs in shape to dispose of the goods to best advantage of the creditors. Mr. Sanford states that the amount of indebtedness here is quite small, and it is hoped that enough will be realized so that no great discrepancy shall appear between liabilities and resources. He will make no compromise to escape liabilities, but will devote whatever can be realized to the impartial liquidation of all claims.

## University Statistics.

President Angell, in his remarks before the legislative visitors at the University, last Friday, stated that 1,534 students had been enrolled this year a larger number than ever before, and next to the largest in the United States. Of that number, 502 were children of farmers; 171 of merchants, 51 of clergymen, 65 of mechanics. The annual expense of the institution was \$173,000, against \$227,000 at Yale with one-third less students; \$246,000 at Cornell with 225 more students than at Ann Arbor. The total amount expended by the state in fifty years was \$1,024,071, while the appraised valuation of the property is \$900,000, leaving an average of \$2,400 as the average running expenses for the fifty years. The value of the Rogers, Lewis and Chinese collections is estimated at \$425,000, which added to the appraised value above gives \$300,000 more property than the whole amount expended by the state. The institution has had 12,000 students, 8,000 of whom have graduated.

Mr. Fred A. McArthur, of this city, for a number of years connected with the Michigan Central as superintendent of the Westinghouse air brake, has resigned his position to accept a more lucrative one with a Three Rivers manufacturing company.

Attention is recalled to the Chapel Guild social, at Miss Vee Cornwell's, this (Thursday) evening. The admission fee of fifteen cents includes refreshments.

The Ypsilanti Chautauque Circle met with Rev. and Mrs. Springer Monday evening. An instructive feature of the evening's program was a paper on astronomy, by Mr. John Taylor. The next meeting of the circle will be held with Dr. Ruch.

Dell Clark, who went to Portland, Oregon, two or three years ago, sends us a pamphlet review of the industries of that wide awake city. It fills 340 large octavo pages, profusely illustrated, and is the "biggest" thing of its class we have ever seen.

Fred Davis, whose return from his trip to Pueblo, Omaha, Kansas City and other western cities we failed to mention last week, informs us that Frank Wallace has moved farther west and is now journeying at Los Angeles, California. Frank is suffering from poor health at present.

Charles King was elected President of the Ypsilanti Social Club at its last regular meeting, Monday evening. Mr. King will make a dignified presiding officer.

A social planned by the young people of the Methodist church, to have been held at the residence of Mr. Geo. Elliott, south of town, Monday evening, was prevented by the stormy weather of that evening.

## Personal.

Born, Jan. 26, '87, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Gardner of Midland, Mich. All are doing well.

Candidates for Circuit Judge are beginning to develop. Judge Joslyn will probably be renominated by the democrats.—Register.

Geo. A. Damon has accepted the clerkship in the Michigan Central freight office recently resigned by Ed. Bogardus. The latter is much pleased with his situation in Chicago.

Mr. Harold Sayles has closed his evangelistic work at Muskegon, after a very successful series of meetings, and is now resting here. He will lead the Young Men's Prayer Meeting at the Presbyterian church, next Sunday afternoon, commencing at 8 o'clock.

A patent was awarded to Clark Cornwell Tuesday for a new method of process of cooking wood pulp. Mr. Cornwell possesses genius in the line of inventions and has made many noteworthy improvements in the paper making line.

Mrs. Frank Foster visited friends in Grand Rapids this week.

Walter Hewitt, jr., has a class of a dozen members in Detroit whom he instructs in the art of manipulating the guitar.

John Crippen, an Ann Arbor clothing clerk, formerly with Alban and Johnson, was visiting friends in town this week.

Mr. Charles Elwood of Starkville, N. Y., brother of Rev. L. N. Elwood, lately deceased, has been visiting here during the past few days, the guest of Mr. E. C. Warner and Mr. Sanford Casler.

Miss Georgie Amsden returned Monday evening from a short visit with brother Bert at Brooklyn.

Mr. Powers of THE YPSILANTIAN returned home from his western visit Monday morning.

Mr. E. N. Colby, the depot jeweler, spent several days of the past week visiting friends out of the city. It is said that Mr. C. is negotiating for the possession of a valuable jewel now held by a resident of Dentons, and that his visit was in connection with such negotiations.

Mr. Hal Glover started Monday evening for an extended trip in the west and south. He will be gone several weeks.

Who in Ypsilanti proposes to start the celery boom this spring? A town that can't raise its own home supply of "fodder," should take a back seat and keep quiet.

The Marshal is requested to transfer those African plants from the corner of Huron and Congress street, as the space is wanted for the cultivation of Sweet Alyssums.

Striking for twelve hours a day—Dodge's clocks.

One paper denounces standard time as a constant lie. Some folks never can endure competition.

Mr. B. G. Jackson has returned from Lansing and is again associated with Mr. Bill in the post-office barber shop. Mr. Jackson was given a written and verbal promise from Lieut. Gov. McDonald that he would be given a position at the capital, and relying upon that gentleman's promise Mr. Jackson presented himself at the time appointed, but at the last moment was informed that pressure had been brought to bear by ward-fixers in favor of another applicant, and the promise of the Lieutenant Governor had to be broken. Mr. McDonald has probably not heard the last of his broken promise.

A letter received from Mr. A. B. Clark, Portland, Oregon, familiarly known here as "Dell" Clark, expresses his undiminished interest in Ypsilanti and its citizens, but says that himself and wife are much pleased with their present location. The winters there are especially delightful. Mr. Clark says that flowers are in bloom in the yards all over the city, and the grass on the lawns has grown so high that lawn mowers are being used. They have had no snow in that locality during the present winter and but three or four light frosts.

## Normal Items.

Second semester.  
Classes are now organized and in working order for the second term.

Mr. Prentiss Whitman, of '87, has returned and will graduate.

Miss Kittie Smith, essayist, and Mr. Warren McIntosh, orator, furnished rhetorical Wednesday morning.

Teachers of the practice school will change sections this week.

Pease Ladies' Quartet gave "Lead Kindly Light," newly arranged, by Prof. Pease, Wednesday after chapel for the benefit of the "solons." They seemed much pleased.

Mr. Harry McCracken, an old student, has returned and will finish the year.

The event of the week was the long expected visit of the legislative committee at the Normal which occurred principally Wednesday. The Senate committee consisted of Messrs. Monroe, Barringer, and Crosby. The House committee of Messrs. Bucher, Watson, Linton, Washburn and Robinson. Messrs. Jenks and Babcock also assisted in the inspection. Messrs. Ballou and Estabrook were each in town a few hours. The committees "did" the Normal completely, both the Normal proper and the Practice School. They were favorably impressed with the kind and quality of the work and the need of a new building and we live in hope to soon see an appropriation pass both houses for that desirable object.

## Mere Mention.

Milan's "Pentecost Band" has been refused the longer use of the church heretofore occupied.

"I used your soap two years ago and have not used any other since," is the suggestive legend on a large cartoon received from Jas. S. Kirk & Co., Chicago. The shabby, towed, grimy appearance of the man, with a short pipe in his mouth, who is laboriously penning the testimonial, supports the truth of his confession. The picture is no mean work of art.

To see the awful hush with which a hundred men and boys on the street watched a half dozen counterfeit brigands, last Friday, was no doubt better than the "show" itself. Toledo bungsters make very fierce-looking cowboys when properly tricked out with buckskin and spurs, and we are proud of the intellectual and aesthetic taste that enables us to appreciate it.

An Ann Arbor dispatch announces the weight of Prof. Olney's brain to have been sixty-one ounces, forty-nine ounces being the average normal weight of the human brain, and that of Daniel Webster being recorded at fifty-nine ounces.

Robins have appeared at Dexter. A branch of the Michigan Cent. 1 from Dexter to Mason is talked of.

No life was lost by the freight collision at Francisco, mentioned last week.

The proposition to endow a chair of mathematics in the Kalamazoo college in honor of the late Prof. Edward Olney has taken a substantial form. Tuesday afternoon at a meeting held at the residence of Rev. L. H. Trowbridge, in Detroit, a formal organization was perfected for the raising of the \$20,000, and a committee was selected to hold in trust whatever funds may be secured until the whole amount is obtained.

People ought to sprinkle ashes on their walks, in the interest of morality. A man went down full length in the water, near the Methodist church, Monday evening, and his soliloquy made the steeple shudder. He was unrecognizable in the darkness, but we judged from his manner that it was not one of his best days for navigating wet ice.

William Burt, a machinist at the Ypsilanti paper mill, had his left hand badly lacerated by being caught in a lathe, one day last week. Dr. Batwell happened to be in the mill at the time and promptly attended to the mutilated member. No bones were broken.

The floating ice and swiftly flowing water that the snow-thaw and ice break-up, seemed to place the lower track of the toboggan slide in danger of being swept away Tuesday, but the structure stood the storm.

The reception and ball of the Ypsilanti Polo Club at Follett House Hall, last Friday evening, was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the kind. The music was furnished by the former members of the Chequamegon orchestra of Ann Arbor, and the supper was served by Mr. Lewis of the Follett House, and both of course, were first class.

A selection from a splendid sermon by Talmage will be found on the second page of this issue.

The interior of Hewitt & Champion's storeroom has been repainted, papered, and otherwise tastefully improved, and is now not only the best place to get anything you may desire in the boot and shoe line, but is also one of the neatest storerooms on the street.

A war-song concert will be given at the Baptist church, Wednesday evening, Feb. 23, at which the old familiar songs, so often heard on the battlefield, in camp and around the fireside, in rebellion days, will be rendered. Mr. George Hodge has the matter in charge.

Only eight short months of wedded life and Lena A. Gilbert, of Ypsilanti, wishes a divorce from her husband, A. George Gilbert on the ground of extreme cruelty.—A. A. Argus.

The heirs of the Joseph Kitchen estate were paid \$3,000 by P. W. Carpenter, Secretary of the Royal Arcanum council here, Tuesday of this week. Mr. Kitchen was an honored and useful member of Aegis council.

Don C. Phillips, has resigned his position in Dodge's jewelry store and will probably accept a situation in Detroit.

A letter received from Mr. S. J. Bowling by friends here, says that he is making satisfactory progress in his physical training studies, and has been offered a lucrative situation as tutor in the physical training department of an Albany school, which he may accept when his present term of practice shall have been concluded.

Dr. and Mrs. Watling gave a reception to their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Holloway, of Chicago, Tuesday evening, which was attended by about fifty of our most prominent citizens. Mrs. Holloway, whose maiden name was Olive M. Tibbetts, was a Normal graduate, of the class '60, and among the guests Tuesday evening were several of her classmates.

Mr. E. P. Allen has been invited to deliver an address in favor of the prohibition amendment, at Northville, in the near future, and will probably accept the invitation.

A parlor entertainment, under the auspices of the Memorial Association will be given at the residence of Dr. Post, Monday evening, Feb. 21. A programme of the exercises will be given next week.



# THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, Feb. 10, 1887.

## BEDS OF ALL NATIONS.

Some of the Peculiarities in Former Times.

The beds of the ancients had in general few peculiarities to distinguish them from our own simpler forms. Both the Greeks and the Romans had their beds supported on frames that resembled our modern bedsteads; feather and wool mattresses were common, and the bed-clothing, in the luxurious period of each nation, was richly decorated with elaborate needlework. The Britons, when conquered by Caesar, slept on skins, after the manner of our North American Indians; but at a later period they made use of straw sacks as beds. The ancient Egyptians had a couch of peculiar shape and a profusion of soft cushions and richly embroidered drapery. Most of the beds mentioned in the Bible were probably of the ordinary simple kind.

During the middle ages beds were made of coarse canvas and filled with straw or leaves. These could be opened and the litter re-made daily, as is the custom to-day with the mattresses in the old-fashioned inns of France and Italy. The bedsteads were low-posted and usually had a canopy at the head.

In the Bayeux tapestry Edward the Confessor is represented lying upon a raised seat, his head supported by squared pillows, and the canopy over his head is attached to the wall. Scott, in his romance of "Ivanhoe," describes one of the beds in the mansion of Cedric the Saxon, as consisting of a rude "hutch or bed-frame, stuffed with clean straw and accommodated with two or three sheepskins by way of bedclothes."

The house of the ancient English gentleman was not, as a general thing, provided with bedrooms. A chamber or shed was built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies, and in this little cell the lord and his lady slept. Sometimes there was another chamber of the same kind built for the daughter or young ladies of the house. Many allusions to such bedrooms are found in Chaucer. In the "Miller's Tale" there is such a room spoken of in the carpenter's house. The miller in the "Reeve's Tale" had only one bedroom, and his daughter slept in the same room in a bed covered with "sheets and Chalon coverlets fairly spread." As a general thing, the young men of the house and the guests slept on tables and benches in the great hall where woolen coverlets or blankets were provided for warmth. Servants and attendants slept on the floor.

Later on, in the time of the Tudors, the "four-poster" bedstead, an immense piece of furniture, having a canopy supported at each corner by the posts, became the fashionable sleeping-couch. Some of the old wills mention "posted set work bedsteads." These paneled bedsteads were sometimes of elegant and massive architecture. The columns resembled huge balusters, and rose from square dado bases, and all the frame-pieces were carved with decorative moldings of various patterns. On some of the earlier bedsteads the column terminated with figures representing the four evangelists.

In a mediæval ballad there is mention made of "the four gospellous (gospelers or evangelists) on the four pillows (pillars) and heads of angels, all of one mould." The invocation still in use in some of the English country places is an echo of this old custom:

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,  
Bless the bed that I sleep on,  
Two angels at the head,  
Four angels round my bed;  
Two to watch and two to pray,  
And two to carry my soul away.

Under these great "set work" bedsteads were put trundle-beds for the body servants and children. It is related of a Spanish page who went to England with his master in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that one day while wandering about the spacious mansion, he entered the rooms where the maids were making the beds, and spying the arrangements of the sliding beds was quite taken with them. In his own country he had slept on straw in the hostler's loft, but in England he had found that rather uncomfortable on account of the cold. So he says to his master, "Sir, there are a sort of little beds under the great beds in this house, which they say are for servants; I pray you to suffer me to lie in one of them." In the sleeping chamber was usually a "perch," answering to an old-fashioned clothes-horse. On it, says an old writer, "hang your clothes, mantles, frocks, cloaks, doublets, furs, winter clothes, and of summer."

Shakespeare's "second best bed," with "the furniture," which he bequeathed to his wife, Ann Hathaway, was undoubtedly one of those huge Elizabethan bedsteads with canopy, curtains and square pillows. The furniture consisted of the "changed beds," "hardened sheets, of fine flax," "lock beds coverlets," "pillow beams" and "counter points," so named from the fact that the squares were in contrasting colors. The well-to-do gentleman of the late middle ages kept a good supply of bedding. In "The Taming of the Shrew," Gremio glibly names over the furniture of his country house, and is careful to include bed apparel.

In ivory caskets I have stuffed my crowns,  
In cyprus chests my arrays, counter points,  
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions, boss with pearl,  
Variety of Venice gold and needlework.

The "Great Bed of Ware" mentioned by Shakespeare is probably the largest bed in the world. It is of the Tudor style, twelve feet square, of solid oak, and elaborately carved. For three centuries or more it has been preserved at the inn of the Saracen's Head in the town of Ware, in Hertfordshire. As many as twelve persons are said to have slept in it at one time.—*Commonplace Review.*

The King of Cambodia, according to the correspondent of a Paris journal, has 800 wives, chosen from the handsomest women in the whole country. The entire population and territory belong to the king. All the Cambodians are the king's "earnest" or slaves, and pay him rents.

Louisville, Ky., is said to have social rules that are remarkable for their laxity. Almost any man with a good manly appearance and good address can with little effort get into society there; and the young women are protected very little by their mothers.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

WHO DECEY THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION?

Sunday morning Jan. 30, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered the following in the Tabernacle at Brooklyn, taking for his text the following: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver,"—Ezekiel, xxi. 21.

By which the King of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided whether he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver, the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Stupid delusion. And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of delusions practiced upon the human race. In the latter part of the last century Johanna Southcote came forth pretending to have divine power, made prophecies, had chapels built in her honor, and one hundred thousand disciples came forth to follow her. About five years before the birth of Christ Apollonius was born, and he came forth; and after five years being speechless, according to the tradition, he healed the sick and raised the dead and preached virtue, and according to the myth, having deceased, was brought to resurrection!

The Delphic Oracle deceived vast multitudes of people; the Pythones, seated in the Temple of Apollo, uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them any way you wanted to read them. A General going forth to battle consulted the Delphic Oracle, and he wanted to find out whether he was going to be safe in the battle or killed in the battle, and the answer came forth from the Delphic Oracle, in such words that, if you put the comma before the word "never," it means one thing, and if you put the comma after the word "never," it means another thing just opposite. The message from the Delphic Oracle to the General was: "Go forth, return never in battle shalt thou perish." If he was killed, that was according to the Delphic Oracle; if he came home safely, that was according to the Delphic Oracle.

The priests of those auguries, by the flight of birds, or by the intonation of thunder, or by the inside appearance of slain animals, told the fortune or misfortune of individuals or nations. The sibyls deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women, who lived in caves and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. So late as the year 1829 a man arose in New York, pretending to be a divine being, and playing his part so well that wealthy merchants became his disciples, and threw their fortunes into his discipleship. And so in all ages there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen of that which had been transpiring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they impoverished the people. They were as cruel as they were absurd. They opened no hospitals, they healed no wounds, they wiped away no tears, they emancipated no serfdom.

But there are those who say that all delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world, the delusion of the Christian religion.

That delusion has to-day two hundred million dupes. It proposes to encircle the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overshadowed the Appalachian range on this side the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasus ranges on the other side the sea. It has conquered England and the United States. This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific; the Malanesia and the Micronesia and Malayan Polynesia have already surrendered to the delusion. Yea, it has conquered the Indian Archipelago; and Borneo, and Sumatra, and Celebes and Java have fallen under the wiles. In the Fiji Islands, where there are 121,000 people, 102,000 have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on, and if the influence of this great hallucination of the ages can not be stopped it will swallow the globe.

And to show the immensity of this delusion, this awful swindle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I open a hospital, and I bring into that hospital the death-beds of a great many Christian people, and I take you by the hand this morning, and I walk up and down the wards of the hospital, and I ask a few questions. "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all, God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" "If there be any way of going to heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this." "Dying Neander, what have you to say?" "I am going to sleep now—good night." "Dying Mrs. Florence Foster, what have you to say?" "A pilgrim in the valley, but the mountain-tops are all aglow from peak to peak." "Dying Alexander Mather, what have you to say?" "The Lord who has taken care of me fifty years will not cast me off now; glory be to God and to the Lamb! Amen, amen, amen." "Dying John Powson, after preaching the Gospel so many years, what have you to say?" "My death-bed is a bed of roses." "Dying Doctor Thomas Scott, what have you to say?" "This is heaven begun." "Dying soldier in the last war, what have you to say?" "Boys, I am going to the front." "Dying telegraph operator on the battle-field of Virginia, what have you to say?" "The wires are all laid and the poles are up from Stony Point to headquarters." "Dy-

ing Paul, what have you to say?" "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" O my Lord, my God, what a delusion, what a glorious delusion! Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my dying head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing—roll it over me in ocean surges ten thousand fathoms deep! O, if infidelity, and if atheism, and if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion, give me the delusion!

The strong conclusion of every man and woman of the house is that Christianity, producing such grand results, can not be a delusion. Lie, a cheat, a swindle, an hallucination can not launch such a glory of the centuries. Your logic and your common sense convince you that a bad cause can not produce an illustrious result; out of the womb of such a monster no such angel can be born. There are many in this house this morning, in the galleries and on the main floor, who began with thinking that Christian religion was a stupid farce, who have come to the conclusion that it is a reality. Why are you here to-day? Why did you sing this song? Why did you bow your head in the opening prayer? Why did you bring your family with you? Why, when I tell you of the ending of all trials in the bosom of God, do the standard tears in your eyes—not tears of grief, but tears of joy, such as stand in the eyes of homesick children far away at school when some one talks to them about going home? Why is it that you can be so calmly submissive to the death of your loved one, about whose departure you once were so angry and so rebellious? There is something the matter with you. All your friends have found out there is a great change. And if some of you would give your experience you would give it in scholarly style, and others giving your experience would give it in broken style, but the one experience would be just as good as the other. Some of you have read every thing. You are scientific and you are scholarly, and yet if I should ask you: "What is the most sensible thing you ever did?" you would say: "The most sensible thing I ever did was to give my heart to God."

But there may be others here who have not had early advantages, and if they were asked to give their experience they might rise and give such testimony as the man gave in a prayer-meeting, when he said: "On my way here to-night I met a man who asked me where I was going. I said, 'I am going to prayer-meeting.' He said, 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion, that is a mere notion, 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I see it.' 'Do you see me?' 'Yes, of course, I see you.' Now, the man was, as every body in the town knows, that if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink; there is my whole week's wages and I have no temptation to go in there; and stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion. It is a notion that has put clothes on my children's back, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion, too; lots of people are getting religion now.' Well, we will soon understand it all. Your life and mine will soon be over. We will soon come to the last bar of the music, to the last act of the tragedy, to the last page of the book—yes, to the last line and to the last word, and to you and to me it will either be midnoon or midnight.

## Ruins in Afghanistan.

Two English officers who recently traveled across Afghanistan made some interesting observations. Near one village they found ancient ruins, among them sculptured idols, the two largest of which were 180 feet and 120 feet high respectively. At another place an ancient fortress was found of the date back to the time of Genghis Khan, which period Northern Afghanistan was girded with fortified towns. In one valley were found the extensive ruins of an ancient city called Shahar-i-Barbar, which tradition asserts to have been the Capital of Kings who once ruled that region. The country seems to be full of materials for archaeological study.

The Buenos Ayres Standard calls attention to the wonderful development of the southern territories of the Argentine republic that has taken place during the last six years, consequent upon the successful campaign which swept the Indians off the fertile plains beyond the Alvin frontier. Five years ago, it is remarked, the valley of the Rio Negro was a mere geographical expression; to-day it is thickly stocked and settled from the mouth of the river up to the meeting of the waters of the Limay and the Nauequen. Patagonians and Viedmas were then mere straggling villages; now they are flourishing settlements supplying the wants of a rich territory. The government has ordered the measurement and subdivision of a thousand square leagues of land near the colony, and new expeditions are talked of to explore the neighboring territories. The Welsh colonists are said to be eager to settle at the foot of the Andes, where there is an abundance of fertile land for a large population. Great progress has been made in the means of communication now regularly established both by land and by water for three hundred miles up the Rio Negro valley as far as Roca.

Patti was recently dining when someone complimented her because of her beautiful mouth. "It is a very good mouth," said she, laughing, "and as large as you please"—providing her assertion by closing her teeth over a large boiled egg in the shell, removing it a second afterward unbroken.

# MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from All Parts of the State.

## Latest From Lansing.

SENATE.  
Bills were introduced to prevent gambling in stocks, petroleum, grain, provisions, and other products; to provide a penalty for blowing steam whistles on public highways by traction engines.

Bills passed: The House bill allowing judges of circuit courts, in their discretion, to fix less than life sentences in certain cases of arson; to punish persons intoxicated in public places by a fine of \$20 or thirty days imprisonment, or both; and the House bill, to punish adulteration of candies and confections by a fine of \$500, or thirty days imprisonment, or both.

It is announced that Governor Luce will send to the Senate for confirmation, the name of Major A. H. Heath, of Ionia, for Labor Commissioner, to succeed Major Pond, the present incumbent.

Bills were introduced to provide for the organization of mining and smelting companies, and to make an appropriation for the State Pioneer Society. The joint resolution proposing an amendment to the State constitution, raising the salaries of State officers, passed by a vote of 22 to 3.

Senator J. W. Babcock introduced a joint resolution providing for a new Senatorial apportionment and the election of sixteen Senators every two years for the term of four years.

The following bills were introduced: To amend an act compelling the use of automatic couplers on all cars used in the state; and to prevent the giving or selling of tobacco to minors under 16 years. The appointments of a large number of notaries public were confirmed.

HOUSE.  
A joint resolution was introduced to provide funds to complete the semi-centennial history of Michigan, and a bill providing for the publication of the proceedings of the State Dairyman's Association. Representative Cole strongly urged the passage of the bill lowering the test of illuminating oils.

Bills appropriating money for the Upper Peninsula Jail, to authorize agricultural and horticultural societies to mortgage real estate, to protect fish and fisheries in inland streams and waters were passed; also the bill to provide for the equipment of a State weather service.

The House Committee on Elections has completed the recount of votes in the contested election district in Wayne county, and reports in favor of the sitting member, Wroman (Fusion), he having seventeen more votes than Coomer, the Republican contestant.

The joint resolution in reference to the raising of the salaries of state officers was tabled. Bill were introduced to reduce the test of illuminating oils; to incorporate the Merchants and Traders' Association of Michigan; to compel employers to compensate workmen for personal injuries received in their service; to amend the game and fish laws; to make associations liable for debts to the extent of their capital only.

Both houses of the Legislature adjourned not to convene again until Feb. 15.

The bill to abolish the superior court of Detroit and to create a state and fish game warden was passed. The committee on the liquor traffic reported in favor of making saloon-keepers give \$6,000 and \$10,000 bonds, instead of \$3,000 and \$6,000, as at present.

The House Committee on Military Affairs reported favorably upon a measure which, if it passes, will be the most stupendous expenditure which the state has ever undertaken—this is to pay bounty to veteran soldiers to the amount of nearly \$15,000,000. Under the present law no soldier or enlist prior to March 6, 1863, is entitled to bounty. As follows: March 6 to Nov. 10, 1863, \$50; Nov. 11, 1863, to Feb. 4, 1864, \$50; Feb. 5 to May 14, 1864, \$100; Feb. 4 to April 14, 1865, \$150. This omits soldiers enlisting in 1831, 1862, part of 1863 and 1864, and after April 14, 1865. The new measure takes in all these, and the bounty goes to the widow or orphans in case of the soldier's death. The state will have to pay out if the bill becomes a law \$11,815,800, according to figures compiled by the Quartermaster-General.

## STATE ITEMS.

Alpena's new jail will cost \$7,000, and will be made of stone, with iron cells.

A military company, styled the Rifles, has been organized at Jonesville.

The circuit court of Lapeer recently granted five divorces inside of two hours.

A lodge of Knights of Pythias will probably be organized at Reed City in the near future.

Bullock, the boy preacher, induced 120 sinners to join the church during a revival just closed at Lansburg.

The business men of West Bay City are working hard to induce eastern factory-owners to locate at that place.

A resolution to remove the county seat from Lapeer to Imlay City was killed in the board of supervisors 12 to 7.

A Cadillac citizen has invented a sawge for band-saws that is said by experienced millmen to be a decided success.

Contrary to law there are a large number of high buildings and factories at Kalamazoo unprovided with fire-escapes.

Charles Fisher, a farmer near Sturgis, committed suicide by hanging. He was suffering from an incurable cancer.

The Dr. Bailey murder case which has been on trial in Charlotte is concluded. The jury remained out several hours and returned a verdict of not guilty.

A petition asking congress to grant a pension to the widow of any deceased public officer of the government is being quite freely signed at Grand Rapids.

It is alleged that a Grand Rapids man is freezing all the water he can draw from the water-mains for the purpose of selling it in blocks next summer as a fertilizer.

At Burton, a society has been formed for the purpose of establishing a home for aged and infirm deaf mutes, and orphan children.

It will take fifty years to complete the locks in the St. Mary's ship canal at the Sault if congress persists in \$100,000 appropriations. "The structure is to cost nearly \$5,000,000."

Grand Rapids has a hall having a seating capacity of over two thousand people, and the city authorities intend to have a few of the state meetings that are taking place now and then.

Capt. Henry J. Blanchard has resigned as manager of the Blanchard Navigation Company of Detroit, and William D. Morton, of the firm of Morton & Backus, has been appointed in his stead.

The project for enlarging East Saginaw by adding to it a strip from Saginaw Vista township a half-mile wide does not find favor with the people living on that strip. They say that taxes are already too high.

Miss Stella Freeman, of Washington, says everything will be all right if Frank Hayward, now under arrest on her account, will come forward and marry her. Frank will probably do so, or effect a compromise with her.

The first matter of public interest in the late meeting of the Michigan Engineers' Society at Grand Rapids, was a paper read by W. R. Coats, upon the "Water-Mill Across Grand River at Grand Rapids," which was lowered into the rock bottom of the river last fall after a uniform bed had been dredged for its reception under Mr. Coats's supervision.

The Calumet & Hecla Mining Company is constructing a large trestle at the mill at Lake Linden to carry the rock cars which come from the mine, five miles distant, to the top of the stamp-mills. The length of the main trestle is 1,000 feet, with a branch to Hecla Mill 300 feet long and to Calumet Mill 150. It is thirty-five feet high. It has two tracks to the works and bears the rock trains, which make the total weight on the trestle from 350 to 450 tons. The two new engines for hauling these cars are also among the largest of the kind, the Manitowish ninety-two tons and the Kitchingami eighty-four tons. The company is now putting in the mills twenty-two self-feeding stamp-heads instead of the old ones, and when in full operation the two mills will have a capacity for treating 55,000 tons of ore a day. The smokestack for the new boiler-house is also on a gigantic scale, being fourteen feet in diameter, twelve feet six inches in the clear, and eighty-six feet in height. The compound low-pressure engines now in use in the water-works building, which have a capacity of 25,000,000 gallons a day, will be replaced by engines with a capacity of 40,000,000 gallons.

Coffee As The Best Of Beverages.

With our tea a comparative failure, our coffee is, of course, almost past praying for. Our very pretensions go no further than tea. We lose a good deal by the meanness of our ambition. Good coffee is the finest drink in the world, and it would surely defeat half of the intoxicants on their own ground. It is the most generous of stimulants, and it induces activity and alertness of brain without the faintest trace of elevation. Should any further recommendation be wanted, we may add that, like pure water, it will kill, if you take enough of it, or, rather, too much. Murderer died of excessive coffee—not unfavored with cognac—but far more people have to thank it for the prolongation of their lives. It is far beyond tea as a dietetic, though perhaps nobody but Merlati could wisely venture to make it his sole support. Indeed, high authorities say that it should never be taken without something solid, as an accompaniment. Anything will do, a piece of bread, or, failing that, even a waistcoat button, according to the Oriental proverb quoted in an admirable lecture on the subject at the Parkes Museum. It improves with age like the other generous drinks, though not of course when it is in a state of infusion. The green berry may be kept for fifteen or twenty years, and it will gain in flavor every day. Brown Java, which leaves Mocha far in the shade, is supposed to owe a good deal to its sojourn on the island before exportation. It lies in store sometimes for seven years. The roasting should always be deferred to the very last moment. Roast and brew at once is the golden rule. First get your Brown Java—for that matter one of half a dozen other kinds will do. Then make a smokeless fire, of coal, or spirit, or gas; toss your green berries into an earthenware pipkin, if you have nothing better; hold it over the flame for fifteen or twenty minutes, to dry it nearly, not to burn it, stirring it all the time and your task is done. Grind or pound a mortar—pounding, they say, is better. The Turks find that the pestles improves with use, as the coffee improves with age, and they sell the old ones at a high figure. Two ounces of coffee to the pint of water is the high mean, and those who want it weaker had better weaken it after the brew. A common jug and a strainer are all you need for the final rite, but people who like to part with their money often insist on more.—*From the London News.*

With our tea a comparative failure, our coffee is, of course, almost past praying for. Our very pretensions go no further than tea. We lose a good deal by the meanness of our ambition. Good coffee is the finest drink in the world, and it would surely defeat half of the intoxicants on their own ground. It is the most generous of stimulants, and it induces activity and alertness of brain without the faintest trace of elevation. Should any further recommendation be wanted, we may add that, like pure water, it will kill, if you take enough of it, or, rather, too much. Murderer died of excessive coffee—not unfavored with cognac—but far more people have to thank it for the prolongation of their lives. It is far beyond tea as a dietetic, though perhaps nobody but Merlati could wisely venture to make it his sole support. Indeed, high authorities say that it should never be taken without something solid, as an accompaniment. Anything will do, a piece of bread, or, failing that, even a waistcoat button, according to the Oriental proverb quoted in an admirable lecture on the subject at the Parkes Museum. It improves with age like the other generous drinks, though not of course when it is in a state of infusion. The green berry may be kept for fifteen or twenty years, and it will gain in flavor every day. Brown Java, which leaves Mocha far in the shade, is supposed to owe a good deal to its sojourn on the island before exportation. It lies in store sometimes for seven years. The roasting should always be deferred to the very last moment. Roast and brew at once is the golden rule. First get your Brown Java—for that matter one of half a dozen other kinds will do. Then make a smokeless fire, of coal, or spirit, or gas; toss your green berries into an earthenware pipkin, if you have nothing better; hold it over the flame for fifteen or twenty minutes, to dry it nearly, not to burn it, stirring it all the time and your task is done. Grind or pound a mortar—pounding, they say, is better. The Turks find that the pestles improves with use, as the coffee improves with age, and they sell the old ones at a high figure. Two ounces of coffee to the pint of water is the high mean, and those who want it weaker had better weaken it after the brew. A common jug and a strainer are all you need for the final rite, but people who like to part with their money often insist on more.—*From the London News.*

With our tea a comparative failure, our coffee is, of course, almost past praying for. Our very pretensions go no further than tea. We lose a good deal by the meanness of our ambition. Good coffee is the finest drink in the world, and it would surely defeat half of the intoxicants on their own ground. It is the most generous of stimulants, and it induces activity and alertness of brain without the faintest trace of elevation. Should any further recommendation be wanted, we may add that, like pure water, it will kill, if you take enough of it, or, rather, too much. Murderer died of excessive coffee—not unfavored with cognac—but far more people have to thank it for the prolongation of their lives. It is far beyond tea as a dietetic, though perhaps nobody but Merlati could wisely venture to make it his sole support. Indeed, high authorities say that it should never be taken without something solid, as an accompaniment. Anything will do, a piece of bread, or, failing that, even a waistcoat button, according to the Oriental proverb quoted in an admirable lecture on the subject at the Parkes Museum. It improves with age like the other generous drinks, though not of course when it is in a state of infusion. The green berry may be kept for fifteen or twenty years, and it will gain in flavor every day. Brown Java, which leaves Mocha far in the shade, is supposed to owe a good deal to its sojourn on the island before exportation. It lies in store sometimes for seven years. The roasting should always be deferred to the very last moment. Roast and brew at once is the golden rule. First get your Brown Java—for that matter one of half a dozen other kinds will do. Then make a smokeless fire, of coal, or spirit, or gas; toss your green berries into an earthenware pipkin, if you have nothing better; hold it over the flame for fifteen or twenty minutes, to dry it nearly, not to burn it, stirring it all the time and your task is done. Grind or pound a mortar—pounding, they say, is better. The Turks find that the pestles improves with use, as the coffee improves with age, and they sell the old ones at a high figure. Two ounces of coffee to the pint of water is the high mean, and those who want it weaker had better weaken it after the brew. A common jug and a strainer are all you need for the final rite, but people who like to part with their money often insist on more.—*From the London News.*

With our tea a comparative failure, our coffee is, of course, almost past praying for. Our very pretensions go no further than tea. We lose a good deal by the meanness of our ambition. Good coffee is the finest drink in the world, and it would surely defeat half of the intoxicants on their own ground. It is the most generous of stimulants, and it induces activity and alertness of brain without the faintest trace of elevation. Should any further recommendation be wanted, we may add that, like pure water, it will kill, if you take enough of it, or, rather, too much. Murderer died of excessive coffee—not unfavored with cognac—but far more people have to thank it for the prolongation of their lives. It is far beyond tea as a dietetic, though perhaps nobody but Merlati could wisely venture to make it his sole support. Indeed, high authorities say that it should never be taken without something solid, as an accompaniment. Anything will do, a piece of bread, or, failing that, even a waistcoat button, according to the Oriental proverb quoted in an admirable lecture on the subject at the Parkes Museum. It improves with age like the other generous drinks, though not of course when it is in a state of infusion. The green berry may be kept for fifteen or twenty years, and it will gain in flavor every day. Brown Java, which leaves Mocha far in the shade, is supposed to owe a good deal to its sojourn on the island before exportation. It lies in store sometimes for seven years. The roasting should always be deferred to the very last moment. Roast and brew at once is the golden rule. First get your Brown Java—for that matter one of half a dozen other kinds will do. Then make a smokeless fire, of coal, or spirit, or gas; toss your green berries into an earthenware pipkin, if you have nothing better; hold it over the flame for fifteen or twenty minutes, to dry it nearly, not to burn it, stirring it all the time and your task is done. Grind or pound a mortar—pounding, they say, is better. The Turks find that the pestles improves with use, as the coffee improves with age, and they sell the old ones at a high figure. Two ounces of coffee to the pint of water is the high mean, and those who want it weaker had better weaken it after the brew. A common jug and a strainer are all you need for the final rite, but people who like to part with their money often insist on more.—*From the London News.*

With our tea a comparative failure, our coffee is, of course, almost past praying for. Our very pretensions go no further than tea. We lose a good deal by the meanness of our ambition. Good coffee is the finest drink in the world, and it would surely defeat half of the intoxicants on their own ground. It is the most generous of stimulants, and it induces activity and alertness of brain without the faintest trace of elevation. Should any further recommendation be wanted, we may add that, like pure water, it will kill, if you take enough of it, or, rather, too much. Murderer died of excessive coffee—not unfavored with cognac—but far more people have to thank it for the prolongation of their lives. It is far beyond tea as a dietetic, though perhaps nobody but Merlati could wisely venture to make it his sole support. Indeed, high authorities say that it should never be taken without something solid, as an accompaniment. Anything will do, a piece of bread, or, failing that, even a waistcoat button, according to the Oriental proverb quoted in an admirable lecture on the subject at the Parkes Museum. It improves with age like the other generous drinks, though not of course when it is in a state of infusion. The green berry may be kept for fifteen or twenty years, and it will gain in flavor every day. Brown Java, which leaves Mocha far in the shade, is supposed to owe a good deal to its sojourn on the island before exportation. It lies in store sometimes for seven years. The roasting should always be deferred to the very last moment. Roast and brew at once is the golden rule. First get your Brown Java—for that matter one of half a dozen other kinds will do. Then make a smokeless fire, of coal, or spirit, or gas; toss your green berries into an earthenware pipkin, if you have nothing better; hold it over the flame for fifteen or twenty minutes, to dry it nearly, not to burn it, stirring it all the time and your task is done. Grind or pound a mortar—pounding, they say, is better. The Turks find that the pestles improves with use, as the coffee improves with age, and they sell the old ones at a high figure. Two ounces of coffee to the pint of water is the high mean, and those who want it weaker had better weaken it after the brew. A common jug and a strainer are all you need for the final rite, but people who like to part with their money often insist on more.—*From the London News.*

With our tea a comparative failure, our coffee is, of course, almost past praying for. Our very pretensions go no further than tea. We lose a good deal by the meanness of our ambition. Good coffee is the finest drink in the world, and it would surely defeat half of the intoxicants on their own ground. It is the most generous of stimulants, and it induces activity and alertness of brain without the faintest trace of elevation. Should any further recommendation be wanted, we may add that, like pure water, it will kill, if you take enough of it, or, rather, too much. Murderer died of excessive coffee—not unfavored with cognac—but far more people have to thank it for the prolongation of their lives. It is far beyond tea as a dietetic, though perhaps nobody but Merlati could wisely venture to make it his sole support. Indeed, high authorities say that it should never be taken without something solid, as an accompaniment. Anything will do, a piece of bread, or, failing that, even a waistcoat button, according to the Oriental proverb quoted in an admirable lecture on the subject at the Parkes Museum. It improves with age like the other generous drinks, though not of course when it is in a state of infusion. The green berry may be kept for fifteen or twenty years, and it will gain in flavor every day. Brown Java, which leaves Mocha far in the shade, is supposed to owe a good deal to its sojourn on the island before exportation. It lies in store sometimes for seven years. The roasting should always be deferred to the very last moment. Roast and brew at once is the golden rule. First get your Brown Java—for that matter one of half a dozen other kinds will do. Then make a smokeless fire, of coal, or spirit, or gas; toss your green berries into an earthenware pipkin, if you have nothing better; hold it over the flame for fifteen or twenty minutes, to dry it nearly, not to burn it, stirring it all the time and your task is done. Grind or pound a mortar—pounding, they say, is better. The Turks find that the pestles improves with use, as the coffee improves with age, and they sell the old ones at a high figure. Two ounces of coffee to the pint of water is the high mean, and those who want it weaker had better weaken it after the brew. A common jug and a strainer are all you need for the final rite, but people who like to part with their money often insist on more.—*From the London News.*

With our tea a comparative failure, our coffee is, of course, almost past praying for. Our very pretensions go no further than tea. We lose a good deal by the meanness of our ambition. Good coffee is the finest drink in the world, and it would surely defeat half of the intoxicants on their own ground.



## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Life's strangers on a foreign shore,  
We sit and count the moments o'er,  
But little dream the rapid flight  
That changes day and brings us night.

The prattler on his mother's knee,  
With heart of love and childlike glee,  
Site chattering all his time away  
In earnest and in idle play.

The youth that sports upon the green,  
When spring time dons its beauteous sheen,  
Forgets the moments as they fly,  
Till manhood's cares eclipse his eye.

And manhood, with a thousand cares,  
Perceives it not, and unawares  
The silver lock and furrowed brow  
Of mellow years encircle now.

Even age, with wintry chill and hoar,  
Sees but a faint vision o'er  
Unmindful of his fleeting breath  
Life's end engaged in sober death.

Thus time proceeds in rapid haste,  
And we improve its gold or waste  
The fleeting hour in slumberous state  
Till hope has fled, and all is late.

—H. W. Curtis.

## THE BASILISK.

### A STORY OF TO-DAY.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A PROOF OF INSANITY.

A week went by, and no Mary Fortescue appeared. The daily reports of her health were anything but alarming, yet, as her absence continued, I grew seriously anxious, and imagined that all kinds of pressure were being brought to bear upon her to bend her to the suit of the odious Plowitz.

He bore her absence with perfect equanimity, and was always gay and entertaining. The proposed transfer of my care as instructor to Miss Beaufort took effect, inasmuch as she regularly called upon me for lessons. But little instruction was done, in fact I was not competent to teach her. The absence of her cousin had a great effect on her manner. She was soft, and gentle, and fascinating, and it was only by continual remembrance of the other side of her character—the strange and compromising sights which I had witnessed, of the monstrous aspersions of Mary Fortescue's sanity, and her cruel indifference to the happiness of a defenseless girl—that I was able to steel myself against the temptation of falling into the vein of almost tenderness which she had adopted, and compromising my future usefulness to the sweet girl whose lot was cast in such hard places. Any pointed reference to Mary always brought out the hateful side of Miss Beaufort's character. The curt and harsher tone would have shown how distasteful the subject was, but she did not know that I could also see how the imperial loveliness of a gracious woman changed into cruel fierceness and scorn at the mention of her cousin's name, especially when evening I turned to the subject of Mary's supposed mental derangements, and strenuously opposed the idea of her want of intellectual balance. For a whole day Miss Beaufort relapsed into her coldest vein, and I did not know what harm my advocacy might have caused to the innocent object of my defense.

The tension of the situation was becoming too much for me. I was playing a difficult part—a part of extreme self-repression, and was daily more and more consumed with anxiety as to the welfare of Mary.

At last my doubts and fears were destined to be, in some measure, relieved.

One day, about a week after Mary Fortescue's illness had reduced our party to four, Mr. Beaufort announced his intention of going to London after his cousin. Miss Beaufort was to accompany him. She was very graciously asked if they could do anything for me. I sincerely wished she would ask me to go with them. The sight of the busy life of the outside world would just then have been very refreshing. So much did I feel this, that I was on the verge of asking if they would mind my joining them, when the thought of the tax it would be upon me to restrain all signs of eager gratification and curiosity at beholding once more the wonderful pageant life, checked and withheld me. It would never do to jeopardize my position in this strange household just now.

"You won't come, then, professor?" said Miss Beaufort, referring evidently to a previous conversation.

"My dear Miss Beaufort," said Plowitz, smiling largely, "gallantry and valor should go hand-in-hand. Discretion, as you say, is the better part of valor. Let discretion be the better part of gallantry too if I refuse."

"Our friend Plowitz," said Beaufort rather icily, "is, I think, far more distinguished by valor and gallantry than by discretion. Pray do not try to overcome his scruples."

"If you find it dull alone, remember I have warned you!" said Miss Beaufort.

"I can at least amuse myself in the park," said Plowitz, and Mr. Copelstone will perhaps help me to get through the hours of your absence."

"There were meaning smiles on their faces which showed significance in their words. What they said might very well have alluded to any little social or domestic mystery, and so such they no doubt thought I should attribute it. I suddenly felt very glad that I was not to be out of the way that afternoon.

"Gilia will be back early, if I am not," said Mr. Beaufort. Then, lowering his voice, and glancing quickly at me: "Don't forget discretion."

"Ah," said Plowitz, throwing out his hands and shrugging his shoulders. "You are a miracle of prudence! And I—I do not believe in miracles."

At last they were gone, and I was enjoying—if enjoying it could be called—a period of solitary and anxious consideration.

I went up the staircase in a perturbed frame of mind. Solid and massive to all appearance, it was hard to believe that I had, a few days before, seen it silently and easily revolve. I returned to the library and pondered on the mysteries by which I was surrounded.

Suddenly Plowitz burst into the room.

"Ah, Mr. Copelstone," he said, "you are more accustomed to solitude than I. You do not find it overwhelming,

eh?"

"I am accustomed to it," was all I said.

"You are more of a philosopher than I. It is most distressing to me. I have been working alone, and I am wretched."

Though I bore the man no good will, Heaven knows, yet he was always civil enough to me, and I could do no less than express a conventional wish that I could be so friendly to him.

"Ah," said he promptly, "you would find it dull to sit with me while I write—"

To sit with him while he wrote—where?

"Not at all," I answered, "if you desire company."

"Come, my good friend," he took my arm as he spoke—"I am moved to death by myself; the sound of my pen grates on my nerves."

He led me across the hall to the jealously-guarded partition door.

I instinctively hesitated.

"You do not know this way—eh? It is Mr. Beaufort's study. There, my good friend, sit down, and I placed a comfortable chair for me, and seated himself at the writing-table.

"I have a large correspondence," he said, "and many affairs to attend to."

There was a small pile of letters beside him, and the floor near the waste-paper basket was strewn with torn envelopes and letters which had missed that receptacle. A quantity of ashes on the hearth showed that some papers had been consigned to the first.

I observed the room at leisure. Truly there was no apparent reason for Mr. Beaufort's jealous precautions. Not a sign of anything unusual or compromising was to be seen. The secret door was perfectly hidden by the bookshelves. Plowitz won't be so busy writing, occasionally saying a word or two to himself in some forgotten tone, but too low for me to catch what he said; probably it was at the end of the sentences he was writing. I made use of the time to observe the garden, into which the windows looked. I could see a high wall covered with richly-colored creepers. This garden must be that inner one, whose wall, and the little door in it, I had noticed from outside. I had, however, great curiosity to see this garden. It might be that one of the upper windows, looking upon it, might show me the face of which I had so often thought.

At last Plowitz threw down his pen and began putting his papers away in a despatch box. As he did so he talked.

"Mr. Copelstone, do you know that you are a very favored man?"

"I do not see it," I answered bluntly.

"You do not see it? That is a pity," he said most sympathetically. "You English, pardon me, are never too quick to see some things. Have you ever asked yourself what you are here for?"

"I have no need to ask myself while I do my duty, and I certainly have no need to answer anybody else."

I could not imagine what he was aiming at, but he evidently did not mean to be offensive.

"Pardon," he said, "you think I take a liberty. No, my friend—no. I would do you a service—you and another. You were engaged to teach our poor dear Miss Fortescue music. Now, is it usual to engage a gentleman in such a way solely to teach a young lady music?"

"You do not know, perhaps," I said, "that Mr. Beaufort is interested in the welfare of the blind."

"I see it," he said, "it is the master of this house?"

"It is not Mr. Beaufort; it is his beautiful daughter. Why did he engage you? To please her cousin? Bah! To please you? Well—to please herself?"

"Dr. Plowitz," I began, in extreme indignation at his impertinence, rising from the armchair. "I cannot allow this sort of conversation a moment longer. To me it is an insupportable familiarity," said Miss Beaufort.

"Mr. Copelstone," he interrupted, laying his hands lightly on my shoulders a moment, "I am not surprised that you think me impertinent. You are wrong, though. I am an old friend of the family. I speak for their good, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone, like a good friend, and I would do you a good office, too. You have heard me, know what I am saying. I see for you, as you can not see for yourself. What I have said is buried between us. Act as you think fit. He went to the door. "Come, I must go out a little." He led me out, and turned up the staircase. "Ah, I have left the door open!" he cried. Shut it, Copelstone



# The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1887.

## THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

ARTICLE IV.  
SEC. 49. The manufacture, gift, or sale of spirituous, malt, or vinous liquors in this state, except for medical, mechanical, chemical, or scientific purposes is prohibited, and no property rights in such spirituous, malt, or vinous liquors shall be deemed to exist, except the right to manufacture or sell for medical, mechanical, chemical, or scientific purposes, under such restrictions and regulations as may be provided by law. The legislature shall enact laws with suitable penalties for the suppression of the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale or gift of intoxicating liquors, except as herein specified.

### FORM OF BALLOT.

"Amendment to the constitution relative to the prohibition of the manufacture, gift, or sale of spirituous, malt, or vinous liquors and the right of property therein—Yes," or, "Amendment to the constitution relative to the prohibition of the manufacture, gift, or sale of spirituous, malt, or vinous liquors and the right of property therein—No."

ELECTION, MONDAY, APRIL 4.

The long dead-lock in the Indiana Legislature is broken by the election of Judge Turpie, the democratic candidate; but charges of illegality are made by republicans, which must be decided by the Senate.

INDIANA democrats held the longest pole, and have knocked down the persimmon; but it proves to be unripe, and now there isn't a democrat in the state who can whistle, if it were to save his life. The democrats in the Senate will now incubate the fruit and see if they can ripen it.

Much disappointment will be occasioned by the decision of the Supreme Court of Washington Territory, declaring the woman suffrage law unconstitutional. It had been in force several years, and its satisfactory working had been confidently pointed to by the friends of that reform.

New York knights engaged in the big freight-handlers' strike are repeating the time-worn experience—loss of places, loss of money, loss of cause—loss of what they had and what they tried to get. Can they never learn? What is it that causes such an epidemic of folly to prevail?

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Anxious Prohibitionist," asks whether we "really believe there is a trick in the submission of the prohibitory amendment." The question is a difficult one to answer.—Free Press.

That the Free Press should find it "difficult to answer" an inquiry as to what it does "really believe," will be readily accepted by those who have habitually read its editorial columns. We commend the Free Press for its frank confession.

ENGLAND would perhaps like to attack our seaboard cities to gratify her revenge.—Tribune.

Stuff of that sort is not only silly, it is mischievous. It may be intended as facetious, but it is stupid. A great deal of it, appearing constantly in the papers, is thought by the writers to be dead earnest, and highly patriotic; instead of which it is dense ignorance, and mischievously misleading to all who trust to such writers' teachings. It is discreditable to American intelligence and good sense, and fosters an attitude of bumptiousness and bravado which is absurd low comedy.

INTERESTING and suggestive is an analysis of the list of books for the general trade published in the United States during the past year, made by the American Bookseller. The work of 435 publishers is given, aggregating 3,708 books, not including 1,557 of the cheap "libraries." The fields to which the 3,708 are devoted are classified as follows: Fiction, 482 works; religion, 471; education, 398; travel and description, 179; history, 123; biography, 115; poetry and drama, 127; art, 117; juveniles, 518; miscellaneous and new editions of former works, 978. The proportion which religious works bear in that list, will strike many people with surprise. Few would have imagined that among the new books, those of that class rank a very close second, only falling a few below those of fiction.

The question of the ratification of the prohibition amendment is one of very great importance. The public good to be derived from successfully administered prohibition laws will scarcely be denied by anybody; but, on the other hand, the public evil of prohibition laws that are not administered, for lack of popular interest and popular purpose, is as clearly perceived by a great majority of the people. We want no such laws, and we fully agree with the Coldwater Republican that it is undesirable to have the amendment adopted, unless the vote upon the subject can be so large as to show general popular concern, and pronounced conviction one way or the other. To that end there should be active discussion. We have declared our support of the measure; but we do not close our columns to contrary opinions, and any views of our readers upon the subject, expressed in good temper and with reasonable brevity, will be welcomed. Let us reason together.

SOME papers are declaring that a statute would be just as effective without an amendment to the Constitution as with one. Waiving all other points, we would suggest that those papers overlook the powerful moral influence of a conclusive popular decision—an influence both upon the lawmakers and the courts and officers of the law, and upon the people themselves who have voted. There is a value, beyond that of the defined constitutional authority, in the declared temper and purpose of the people; and on this account the popular vote upon a question of such importance is greatly to be desired. If the people are not prepared to support by their votes, and afterward by their influence, prohibitive legislation, we hold it highly undesirable that such legislation should be had, even if the Legislature were prepared to enact it. In the line of these considerations, the suggestion of the Coldwater Republican is pertinent—that separate boxes be provided in which the women, who are not legal voters, may record their wishes by advisory ballots.

THOSE who have admired Mr. Beecher in the past, for the greatness of his powers and the loftiness of his aims, will regret to see him parading in puerile letters upon high hats at the opera, life insurance and such-like themes, in the daily papers. We would as soon see him confine himself to the virtues of ivory soap.

FIFTY-SEVEN degrees below zero is a little rough on American financiers who are spending the winter in Canada. That is the temperature reported from Assinaboine last week. If they will come home, we can guarantee that it shall be warmer for them. Hoke, now in the Peoria jail, isn't suffering from the cold.

Two Justices of the Supreme Court are to be elected this spring. Instead of one, a bill having passed the Legislature to add another Judge to the bench. This will necessitate an additional candidate for each of the three tickets that are expected in the field. Col. Chas. D. Long of Flint, Hon. H. H. Hatch, Col. John Atkinson and Judge Wm. Jenkinson, of Detroit, Hon. Benton Hanchett of Saginaw, and Judge C. B. Grant of Houghton, are mentioned for nomination by the republicans. Levi T. Griffin of Detroit is proposed as a democratic candidate.

The President has approved the inter-state commerce bill, and it is now a law. Nobody seems to know what all its provisions mean, nor what will be its effect, and it is too much to expect unmixed good from it under such circumstances. The need of legislation, however, to cure the evils at which this is aimed, has long been recognized, in and out of Congress; and as this is the best result upon which Congress has been able to agree, after twelve years' effort, it is perhaps better to begin dealing with the subject under a law believed to be imperfect, than not at all. Experience under this law will be the guide to better legislation, if such be needed, and that was unlikely to be reached without such guide. The act aims to protect the public from inequitable rates and discriminations on the part of railroad companies, which are beyond the reach of state legislation—just such protection as some states have already afforded within their own jurisdiction.

IN spite of all assertions that prohibition means only free whisky, and that retailers are not averse to escaping their tax in that way, the "trade" in Detroit is very active in organizing to defeat the ratification of the amendment. A mass meeting was held at Turner Hall, last week, "to publicly denounce the prohibitory amendment," and denunciatory resolutions, calling for help from "every liberty-loving citizen," were adopted. Another meeting, composed of two hundred saloon keepers, was held at the same place, Sunday afternoon, and steps taken to form a permanent central organization to resist ratification. Meantime, what steps are being taken to unite and solidify the supporters of the measure? Let every man, and especially every newspaper, desiring its success, cease all partisan bickerings and insinuations respecting it, and abandon partisan jealousies that hinder its friends from uniting in its support, and counsel and encourage a complete unity of effort upon the sole point of bringing out the heaviest possible vote for the amendment; and let every pretended friend of prohibition who pursues any opposite course be rated where he belongs, among the enemies of the measure.

A PITIFUL PETTIFOGGER.  
We have never known a paper of the prominence and supposed importance of the Detroit Free Press, that could stoop to such petty pettifoggery and such demagogic insincerity as the Free Press often employs. A half-column editorial in its Saturday issue was a good specimen. It went on laboriously to argue that the act of submission was invalid and that the ratification of the amendment by the people would be null and worthless, unless the legislators supporting the joint resolution did really agree to the amendment, the Constitution prescribing that proposed amendments "shall be agreed to by two thirds of the members elected to each House." The fact of such agreement the Free Press pretends to doubt, because some papers and possibly some legislators have spoken of agreeing to submission, instead of agreeing to the amendment, and it seeks to make its readers believe that unless it be shown that those voting for it did really agree to the spirit and purpose of the proposed amendment, then there is actually no amendment submitted, and popular ratification would be of no effect!

A paper with no more conscience than that—that can so trifle with its readers and with an important public question—claims the position of the leading paper of Michigan! The Free Press of course knows perfectly well that no act of any legislator nor of all the legislators together could now affect in the least degree the status of the proposed amendment. It knows that they did legally agree to the amendment, and that it is legally and irrevocably submitted, even though every one of them should now say that he only voted for submission without approving the principle of prohibition. If the Free Press can experience a sense of shame, it ought to be ashamed of such puerile tactics to advance its partisan interests.

A CARD.—DR. FLORA H. RUCH, residence and office corner of Washington and Ellis streets, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST, Pearl street, near Postoffice, Ypsilanti, Mich.

DR. W. R. BARTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, Huron street, (opposite Mineral Bath House) Ypsilanti, Mich. Calls in city or country will receive prompt attention.

DR. KNICKERBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, corner of Adams and Emmet sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.

DR. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence on River street, P. L. Norris place. Telephone No. 45.

HENRICH, DENTIST, 401 N. B. BANKERS, corner of Congress and Huron streets, Ypsilanti.

### AFTER ALL.

"This is God's world, after all."  
—Rev. Charles Kingsley.

Oh, this weary world, with its restless toiling,  
And its fearful fever of unending care!  
Oh, this selfish world, our kindest actions soiling,  
So that our stained souls can scarcely rise in prayer!  
"Peace!" I hear the preacher-poet call,  
"This is God's world, after all!"

Oh, this weeping world, full of pain and sorrow,  
Full of breaking hearts that once were strong and brave,  
Full of dark despair that hopes for no tomorrow,  
And of love whose memory is but a grave!  
"Peace!" I hear the preacher-poet call,  
"This is God's world, after all!"

This is God's world; so the birds are singing,  
So the happy fields are glad with golden wheat,  
So the sun is shining, so the flowers are springing,  
So the heavy heart again with joy may beat.  
Only listen how the strong words fall,  
"This is God's world, after all!"

If 'tis God's world, why should we work weeping?  
Why should we go heavily by night or day?  
"He giveth his beloved while they are sleeping,"  
He loves the cheerful toiler, who can say,  
"I fear no grief, no wrong that can befall;  
This is God's world, after all!"

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flag walks, etc., Washington street.

FARM FOR SALE. 80 ACRES, GOOD buildings, soil, location, etc. Long time, low rate of int., and on easy terms. Will take some city property in exchange. Address, L. H. CRANE, Stony Creek, Mich.

A. B. BELL, DENTIST.

VANTUYL BLOCK, Congress - Street.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary.

JOHN B. VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S.

DENTAL ROOMS

Over the Bee Hive,

UNION - - BLOCK.

J. A. WATLING, D. D. S., L. M. JAMES, D. D. S.

WATLING & JAMES,

DENTISTS, Huron St.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.,

Successors to Comstock & Ebling, dealers in

Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets

No. 30 Congress Street,

Ypsilanti, Michigan.

First National Bank, Ypsilanti

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$75,000.

OFFICERS:

D. L. QUIRK, Pres. L. A. BARNES, Vice-Pres.

W. L. PACK, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

D. L. QUIRK, L. A. BARNES,

E. F. UHL, C. S. WORTLEY,

CHAS. KING, S. H. DODGE.

COLBY THE DEPOT JEWELER

carries a fine line of

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

JEWELRY

AND SPECTACLES

AT LOWEST PRICES.

Repairing a Specialty, and done 25 per cent. lower than other houses. Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. N. COLBY, Depot Jeweler.

The Business World in Miniature at

YPSILANTI, MICH.

No theory or text-book work;

everything is real, the same as

in the outside world. Visitors

cordially invited. Circulars on

application.

P. R. OLEARY,

PRINCIPAL.

Housekeepers and Husbands!

If you wish to purchase the best, the purest, and cheapest Groceries, send or leave your order with

S. L. SHAW

AT THE

NEW DEPOT GROCERY!

Having no rent or clerk hire to pay I can give my customers the benefit of the amounts thus saved.

My stock is all Fresh and Desirable, and goods are delivered free to any part of the city.

I am also manufacturer of Lime and dealer in Stucco, Hair, Cement, and Wood, for which orders can be left at the New Grocery Store,

Cross Street, opposite Follett House Block.

# PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!

I am now prepared to fill all orders for

Sugar-Cured Hams,

Shoulders and Bacon;

Also Lord of the best quality, in large or small quantities. Our stock of

Groceries

is full and complete, all of which will be sold at the lowest possible figures. The HIGHEST Market Price Paid for

BUTTER AND EGGS,

in Cash or Trade.

N. CORDARY,

Near the Iron Bridge.

BARNUM & EARL

No. 27 Congress Street.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware

GOLD PENS, OPTICAL GOODS, Etc.

New styles, original designs, elegant and appropriate for every one. The finest goods at the lowest possible prices. Everybody come whether you purchase or not.

"THE BEST PLACE"

To look for what you may want in the Jewelry line.

Dry Goods and Notions

Administrator's Sale.

The entire stock of dress goods, prints, flannels, underwear, notions, etc., in the store of the late Joseph Kitchen is now being offered at Administrator's Sale, and the goods in all lines will be sold at cost and below cost.

Call at once and make your selections from a full stock.

ADMINISTRATOR.

GIVEN AWAY!

A Bunch of Kindlings with every Half Cord or more of Wood at

SAMSON'S WOOD YARD

COR. CROSS AND PERRIN STREETS.

Listings for Kindlings, 5 Cents per Bunch.

Leave orders at E. Samson's Book and Drug Store, Ike Davis' Flour and Feed Store, or by Telephone.

CHAS. E. SAMSON.

Hello! Telephone Number 38! C. L. YOST, PROPRIETOR

Livery, Sale, Exchange Stable

WASHINGTON ST., between Congress and Pearl, YPSILANTI, Mich.

FINELY EQUIPPED LANDAUS, PLEASURE RIGS AND SINGLE RIGS A SPECIALTY!

Orders for Weddings, Funerals and Private Parties given the utmost care and attention. Ladies desiring a Safe and Pleasant Horse to drive will do well to give me a call.

Alban & Johnson

YPSILANTI, MICH.

We wish to announce that we have too large a stock of Fine

OVERCOATS

For this season of the year, and cannot afford to carry them over; therefore we will

SELL THEM AT COST

TO CLOSE THEM OUT.

We also have a very nice line of Overcoats at \$5, \$6, \$7 and \$8, good looking and serviceable.

We have a fine and complete stock of Men's Suits from \$5 up.

We have good Boys' Suits, well made and stylish for \$3.50.

In NECKWEAR we can discount anything ever shown in Ypsilanti, both in quality and price. We mean business, and all we ask is that you can and see for yourself.

ALBAN & JOHNSON.

SANFORD'S GROCERY!

—IN THE—

UNION BLOCK

YPSILANTI, MICH.,

IS THE BEST PLACE TO PURCHASE FRESH FRUIT AND CANNED GOODS, EXCELSIOR CORN TEN CENTS PER CAN, JAPAN TEA AT FORTY CENTS PER LB., MIXED COFFEE (RIO AND JAVA) AT TWENTY-TWO CENTS PER LB., DRESSED TURKEYS, CHICKENS AND DUCKS, ORANGES, LEMONS, RAISINS, BUTTER, EGGS AND ALL COUNTRY PRODUCE, APPLES, POTATOES, TURNIPS, CRANBERRIES AND DRIED FRUITS, AND IN FACT ANYTHING EVER FOUND IN A COMPLETE, ENTERPRISING GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT, AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

All Goods promptly delivered to City Customers.

J. H. SANFORD.

Union Block, Ypsilanti, Mich.



**ROCKING POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure.**

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, shoddy, light and phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 Wall St., N. Y.**

**Sore Eyes**

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely cured.

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever. — Mrs. William Gay, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers. — C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier. — Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, by taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye. — Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she now looks steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete. — W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

**SULPHUR BITTERS**

**THE GREAT German Remedy.**

**TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.**

For those who are afflicted with Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Constipation, etc., this medicine is a sure cure. It is a powerful purgative, and will cleanse the system of all impurities. It is a most valuable medicine for the sick, and is sold by all druggists.

**SULPHUR BITTERS**

**THE GREAT German Remedy.**

**TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.**

For those who are afflicted with Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Constipation, etc., this medicine is a sure cure. It is a powerful purgative, and will cleanse the system of all impurities. It is a most valuable medicine for the sick, and is sold by all druggists.

**SULPHUR BITTERS**

**THE GREAT German Remedy.**

**TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.**

For those who are afflicted with Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Constipation, etc., this medicine is a sure cure. It is a powerful purgative, and will cleanse the system of all impurities. It is a most valuable medicine for the sick, and is sold by all druggists.

**RUPTURE!**

Relieved and cured by Dr. D. L. Snedker's method, or money refunded. No operation performed; no pain. Treatment simple and without detention from business. Call and see us. Consultation Free. — Dr. D. L. Snedker, 100 Wall St., N. Y.

**FOR A FEW WEEKS,**

pay for a year's subscription to "The Great Weekly," (10 years old, 25¢ per copy.) Rochester, N. Y. (This does not include any foreign postage.) The Weekly is sent one year and one copy of the "Great Weekly" for \$1.00. (Extra for postage.) The Weekly is sent one year and one copy of the "Great Weekly" for \$1.00. (Extra for postage.) The Weekly is sent one year and one copy of the "Great Weekly" for \$1.00. (Extra for postage.)

**The Upsilonntian.**

**MAKING SWEET SONGS.**

**THE WORK DONE BY A WRITER, SINGER AND A TOILER.**

"Aunt Becky's" Little Back Parlor in Pittsburgh from Which Came Forth Many Beautiful Melodies—A Story of Three Friends.

Who has not been awakened from sleep in the early morning hours by some party of home-going revelers singing, "Way down upon the Suwannee river?" The melodious music invades the half-roused senses like a dream, and the dreamer does not resist it. He hears the eyes again to listen—motionless. He has heard the old song many times before; he can anticipate every word and note; there is no novelty in it for him, but he is not provoked at being awakened. He listens dreamily, and lets the music bring to him thoughts of home—not the home of his mother, made happy by wife and children, but the "dream home" of his childhood, where mother was.

The "old song" never grows old. Every body sings it and everybody loves to hear it sung. No matter at what time or place its music rises, there will be found a respectful audience. Not even the street gamins will cry "cheerups!" He instinctively respects the song of home without knowing why.

**JOURNALIST, MUSICIAN AND MECHANIC.**

There stood in the city of Pittsburgh, forty years ago, a cottage at 31 Pearl street. It was a cozy home, with vine-covered windows and a broad hearthstone. It was the home of Charles P. Shiras and his mother, "Aunt Becky" Shiras. Charles Shiras had two particular friends of his own age, Stephen C. Foster and John Hull. These men had been companions from their boyhood, and death alone broke off their friendship.

Shiras was a literary genius. He was well-educated, brilliant, and possessed of a fertile, active mind. He was ambitious and animated by the noblest purposes. For some years, and at the time of his death, he was connected with The Pittsburgh Commercial Journal. All his literary work was full of merit, and many of his productions gained wide attention. He published two small volumes of poems, the best known of which are "Dollars and Dimes" and "Redemption of Labor," and "The Iron City." These he considered his best work, but he strangely refused to publish acknowledge the authorship of the beautiful songs which would have given him fame, with that of Foster, a world-wide fame. He erred in his judgment of the effect they would produce, and, in his ambition for higher flights, considered them childish and foolish.

Foster was a musician and composer. His soul was full of the poetry of sound. He had a fine, effeminate face, and his nature was as soft and yielding as a child's. He was a dreamer, often sad and melancholy, and every note of his beautiful, simple music is marked with the characteristics of his nature. He found close sympathy in the fine, poetic mind of Shiras, and both found sympathy and encouragement in the more rugged and aggressive nature of their mutual friend, Hull.

Hull was a mechanic, working for his daily bread from earliest boyhood. Unlike his friends, he had no education, but the circumstances of his life gave him strong, good sense and clear judgment. He was a lover of the beautiful, and he found much to admire in his friends Shiras and Foster. He had a musical voice, and Foster, who could not sing, taught him music. He had a retentive memory, and he learned much of literature. He became the critic of the productions of both his friends, and his judgment of a poem or a song was to them all sufficient.

**A TRIUMPH OF KINDRED SPIRITS.**

And so a beautiful friendship existed between these three in boyhood, in youth, and until their early manhood, when Shiras died. They were together during all their leisure time, and "many happy hours they squandered" in "Aunt Becky Shiras' little back parlor." It was here that Shiras, in his happy moments, would those beautiful songs to please his friend Foster; it was here that Foster composed music for them to please himself and his friend Hull, and it was here that Hull sang them for the pleasure of all.

The first song that was published was "Old Uncle Ned." Foster sold it to a Pittsburgh house for \$100. With this money he purchased a small piano and placed it in "Aunt Becky Shiras' little parlor. And on this little piano was afterward played music which has gone around the world about the year 1850, and immediately became popular. Within three years later Shiras and Foster together produced "Old Folks at Home," "Susannah, Don't You Forget Me," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and others fully as popular.

It is a fact that Shiras wrote the lines of nearly all these songs, except "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." Foster was willing and anxious to share their authorship with his friend Shiras, but the latter often laughingly told Foster that he was welcome to the reputation he would get from their publication.

Poor Shiras died when he was 29 years old, before he dreamed that the songs which he had written in an idle fancy, as a mere pastime, would live in every home and in every heart. He was widely known and very popular. His funeral was attended largely by the literary, theatrical, and musical circles.

"Aunt Becky" Shiras, who so often scolded the boys for staying up late at night and making such noise in the back parlor, has passed away. And so has John Hull, who first startled good "Aunt Becky" with the rattling rhythm of "Old Uncle Ned" and soothed her with the melody of "Massa in de Cold, Cold Ground." He is dead. But their music will live as long as the homes—Paul Hull in Chicago news.

**The Old Folks Dislike Them.**

There is a growing grudge against electric lights at balls because they deepen almost to a grayish tint the pallor of those whose bloom is past.

**Construction of a Mongolian Fiddle.**

In his book, "Among the Mongols," the Rev. J. Gilmour describes a native fiddle as made of a hollow box about a foot square and two or three inches deep, covered with sheep skin, and a stick about three feet long stuck through the sides of the box. It had only two strings, and these consisted of a few hairs pulled from a horse's tail, lengthened at both ends by pieces of common string. The bow was a bent and whittled branch of some shrub, fitted with a few horse hairs tied on quite loosely. The necessary tension was produced by the hand of the player, as he grasped it to play. The player, however, adds the writer, to produce expressive music and effective tones. — Philadelphia Call.

**Death of a Nice of Burns.**

Miss Isabella Burns-Begg, the last of the "little son, three years of age, was terribly afflicted with scrofula. His head was entirely covered with scrofulous sores, and his body showed many marks of the disease. A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured him." — W. J. Baskett, Hymera, Ind.

relative of Robert Burns, died recently of no other medicine but the reliable Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for the cure of coughs, colds, and all derangements of the respiratory organs. It relieves the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease.

at her thatched cottage near Ayr, where

**A. D. MORFORD,**

No. 3 CONGRESS ST.,

**Drugs and Medicines**

**CHEMICALS,**

**PERFUMERY and FANCY TOILET ARTICLES**

Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Syringes, Paints, Brushes, Oils, Varnishes and Dye stuffs.

ALSO

**WALL PAPER of the Newest and Best Designs.**

**DEWEY & SON**

—THE—

**LEADING LIVERYMEN,**

CAN GIVE YOU

**First Class Carriages, Quiet Horses**

And the best of services in all respects.

**HACKS AND CARRIAGES!**

With or without Drivers, by the Day or Hour, at Lowest Rates.

**STATUTE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.**

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the twenty-fifth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Hiram McCarthy, deceased. John K. Campbell, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his annual account as such executor, and that he desires to have the same examined and allowed, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, and other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Upsilonntian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Probate Register. 36972

**STATUTE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.**

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the 20th day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Daniel Donohue, deceased. James Lowden, administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such Administrator. Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the 19th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the examining and allowing said account, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, and all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said administrator be and he is directed to cause a copy of this order to be published in The Upsilonntian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Probate Register. 36972

**STATUTE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.**

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the 20th day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Daniel Donohue, deceased. James Lowden, administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such Administrator. Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the 19th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the examining and allowing said account, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, and all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said administrator be and he is directed to cause a copy of this order to be published in The Upsilonntian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Probate Register. 36972

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**—STATE OF Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-first day of December, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of James Hewens, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 23rd day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Tuesday the fifth day of April and on Tuesday the fifth day of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, January 30, A. D. 1887.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**—STATE OF Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of James Hewens, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 23rd day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Tuesday the fifth day of April and on Tuesday the fifth day of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, December 28, A. D. 1886.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**—STATE OF Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of James Hewens, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 23rd day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Tuesday the fifth day of April and on Tuesday the fifth day of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, December 28, A. D. 1886.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

**BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.**

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures them, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith.

She possessed a large collection of Burns' relics.

**AN ENTERPRISING, RELIABLE**

Frank Smith can always be relied upon not only to carry the best stock of everything, but to secure agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

**A. D. MORFORD,**

No. 3 CONGRESS ST.,

**Drugs and Medicines**

**CHEMICALS,**

**PERFUMERY and FANCY TOILET ARTICLES**

Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Syringes, Paints, Brushes, Oils, Varnishes and Dye stuffs.

ALSO

**WALL PAPER of the Newest and Best Designs.**

**DEWEY & SON**

—THE—

**LEADING LIVERYMEN,**

CAN GIVE YOU

**First Class Carriages, Quiet Horses**

And the best of services in all respects.

**HACKS AND CARRIAGES!**

With or without Drivers, by the Day or Hour, at Lowest Rates.

**STATUTE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.**

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Tuesday, the twenty-fifth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Hiram McCarthy, deceased. John K. Campbell, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his annual account as such executor, and that he desires to have the same examined and allowed, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, and other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Upsilonntian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Probate Register. 36972

**STATUTE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.**

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the 20th day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Daniel Donohue, deceased. James Lowden, administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such Administrator. Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the 19th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the examining and allowing said account, and that the devisees, legatees, and heirs at law of said deceased, and all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said administrator be and he is directed to cause a copy of this order to be published in The Upsilonntian, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.] WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Probate Register. 36972

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**—STATE OF Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-first day of December, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of James Hewens, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 23rd day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Tuesday the fifth day of April and on Tuesday the fifth day of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, January 30, A. D. 1887.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**—STATE OF Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of James Hewens, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 23rd day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Tuesday the fifth day of April and on Tuesday the fifth day of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, December 28, A. D. 1886.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**—STATE OF Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of James Hewens, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 23rd day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Tuesday the fifth day of April and on Tuesday the fifth day of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, December 28, A. D. 1886.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**—STATE OF Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of James Hewens, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the 23rd day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Tuesday the fifth day of April and on Tuesday the fifth day of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, December 28, A. D. 1886.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.

**BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.**

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures them, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith.

She possessed a large collection of Burns' relics.

**CHARLES KING & SON,**

—DEALERS IN—

**CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES!**

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS, PROVISIONS & COUNTRY PRODUCE

Corner of Congress and Huron Streets, Ypsilanti.

**ROBERT C. COY'S, DEPOT DRUG STORE,**

—DEALER IN—

**DRUGS, MEDICINES & CHEMICALS,**

Fancy and Toilet Articles, Sponges, Brushes, Perfumery, Etc.

Choice Tobacco and Cigars.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. Our stock of Medicines is complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

**Buy Your Groceries**

Where you can get the best and Most for your Money!

**Johnson & Co's**

Depot Grocery,

Where you will find a full assortment of Groceries, in all lines, also a full stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Hardware, Tinware, Woodenware, etc. Goods promptly delivered to any part of the City.

**Johnson & Co.,**

CROSS STREET DEPOT.

**F. BUHL & COMPANY.**

Great Clearing Sale of

**WINTER GOODS!**

**SEAL AND PLUSH SACQUES, FUR LINED CIRCULARS AND SHORT JACKETS AND WRAPS, FUR TRIMMINGS, MUFFS, BOAS, COLLARS, ETC. CAPS, GLOVES, ROBES, ETC.**

All Choice Goods at Lower Prices than Cheap Ones.

**F. BUHL & CO.,**

146 & 148 Jefferson Ave.,

DETROIT, MICH.

**PORTABLE MILL MANUFACTORY.**

Established 1851. Portable FRENCH BUHLER MILLS.

We make the Following Sizes: 14, 18, 20, 22, 24, 30, 36, 42, 48 and 4 inch Stones.

HIGHEST AWARDS, —AT THE—

St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and New Orleans Fairs and Expositions.

—COMPLETE ON—

Roller Process, Corn Meal, Hominy, Grits, Pearl Meal and Starch.

**NORDYKE & MARMON CO.,** Indianapolis, Ind.

**RELIABLE STOVER IMPROVED WIND-MILL**

**Daisy Grinding Mill**

Suited to the wants of farmers with steam engines, horse-powers, and geared wind-mills. We also make French Bucking Mills which embody new and desirable features never before shown.

**FREEPORT MACHINE CO.,** Freeport, Ill.

**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**

**DYSPEPSIA**

Up to a few weeks ago I considered myself the champion Dyspeptic of America. During the years that I have been afflicted I have tried almost everything claimed to be a specific for Dyspepsia in the hope of finding something that would afford permanent relief. I had about made up my mind to abandon all medicines when I noticed an endorsement of Simmons' Liver Regulator by a prominent Georgian, a jurist whom I knew, and concluded to try its effects in my case. I have used but two bottles, and am satisfied that I have struck the right thing at last. I felt its beneficial effects almost immediately. Unlike all other preparations of a similar kind, no special instructions are required as to what one shall or shall not eat. This food alone ought to commend it to all troubled with Dyspepsia.

J. N. HOLMES, Vineland, N. J.

**CONSTIPATION**

To Secure a Regular Habit of Body without changing the Diet or Disorganizing the System, take

**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**

ONLY GENUINE MANUFACTURED BY

**J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia.**

**CARTON HOT AIR FURNACE.**

Brick Set and Portable.

Having among other new features the Smyth Patent Happy Thought Duplex Grate which carries the entire surface of the grate at one motion of the lever. Durable gas tight and possessing enormous heating capacity. Endorsed by the best heating engineers in the country as the most successful furnace ever made. Call and examine the Carton and you will be convinced that you require a furnace in your house; or write for large illustrated catalogue free by mail.

J. R. McBRIDE, 312 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

**THOROUGHBRID STOCK JOURNAL,**

CENT 50 CENTS

with an accurate THERMOMETER given to every subscriber and an extra copy including thermometer to every person sending us five subscribers. To any one that means business who will write us assuring us they will do all they can for the next 3 months in securing subscribers for the Journal we will mail them a sample thermometer to work with.

Address, Thoroughbred Stock Pub. Co., 304-75 Philadelphia, Pa.

**Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs.**

Having leased the new store, 42 Michigan Grand Ave. (Cass and Grand), I am prepared to handle on Commission BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME, and all fresh market goods at lowest market price and prompt returns guaranteed.

E. C. FITZPATRICK, Detroit, Mich.

**AYER & SON ADVERTISING AGENTS**

Chestnut Philadelphia, TIMES BUILDING & 8th St.

ESTIMATES FOR ADVERTISING FREE

Send 10c in AYER & SON'S MANUAL

**DO YOU WANT A GUIDE?**

ADVERTISERS' GUIDE. Colored plates, 100 engravings of different breeds, prices they are worth, and where to buy them. Mailed for 15 Cents. ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, 227 S. Eighth St. Philadelphia, Pa.

**BOILERS**

STEPHEN PRATT'S Steam Boiler Works, Established 1865, Manufacturer of High and Low Pressure and all kinds of Boilers, of all kinds; smoke pipes, breechings, etc. Old boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets, boiler plates and all kinds of iron work. Foundry and Mach. Central R. R. tracks, DETROIT, MICH. 18767

**RICE'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL!**

Cor. Bates and Congress Streets, DETROIT, MICH.

Rates from \$1 to \$1.50 per day.

Just remodelled and refitted and put in first-class condition. The best house in America for the money.

J. D. RICE, Proprietor, R. C. SPRAGUE, Ck. Rk.

**FOR THE NEW YEAR!**

If you are interested in Agriculture, Horticulture or stock raising, you should subscribe to

**MICHIGAN FARMER**

—AND—

**State Journal of Agriculture.**

It always contains matter of interest to every farmer, and especially adapted to business paper for farmers, keeping them posted on the value of their products. All tried contributors for 1887, and many new ones.

"THE HORSEMAN," which has become a great favorite with every class, will be continued under the management of "Detroit," (Mrs. R. F. Johnston).

We will guarantee that there will be no lack of interest in the Farmer for the coming year. Subscription price—With Home-Grown Supplement, \$1.50; without supplement, \$1.25. Agents wanted at every Postoffice to canvass. Good commission. For particulars address GIBBONS BROTHERS, Publishers, 3875

**F. A. OBERST**

—DEALER IN—

**FLOUR, FEED AND COAL**

Stationery and all Leading Periodicals. Headquarters for Fresh Fish.

**DEPOT POST OFFICE,**

Follett House Block, Cross St. Goods delivered to any part of the city.



It is estimated that the public debt was reduced \$3,000,000 last month.

A bill has been reported to the House granting a pension to Walt Whitman.

The Nebraska House has agreed upon a bill fixing the age of consent at 18 years.

An Eastern syndicate has bought the street-car system of Minneapolis for \$3,000,000.

HENRY M. STANLEY does not expect opposition in his expedition for the relief of Emin Bey.

The American Cotton-Oil Trust has secured control of four-fifths of the mills of the country.

Two Polish Socialists have been sentenced to imprisonment at Posen for circulating Socialistic pamphlets.

The Texas Senatorial deadlock was broken by the election of Congressman Reagan on the thirty-first ballot.

JOHN D. LISLE, discount clerk in the First National Bank of Baltimore, Md. has disappeared, as has also \$80,000.

By the collision of the British emigrant ship *Kapra*, with an unknown vessel off the coast of Brazil 300 lives were lost.

Under the bill favorably reported to the house of representatives to refund war taxes to the states, Illinois would receive \$1,146,000.

It is expected that Secretary Manning will give up the treasury portfolio by May, and that his successor will be William L. Scott, of Erie.

ARTICLES of incorporation have been filed at Springfield for the Chicago, Oquawka and Kansas City road, with a capital stock of \$2,000,000.

COLVIN POLK, a notorious moonshiner of Pope county, Ark., has been sentenced to eighteen months' confinement in the penitentiary of that state.

The Austria-Hungary Government will ask the Parliament for an appropriation of 60,000,000 florins for the army and half that sum for the militia.

It is reported that United States Minister Pendleton has returned from Berlin because of the President's desire to tender him the Treasury portfolio.

An investigation is demanded in the Minnesota Legislature of the charges that the saloon men have raised a big boom to fund to defeat high-license legislation.

Fon being deposed from a pastorate at Lyons, La., fifteen years ago, Father F. C. Jean has been awarded damages of \$20,000 against Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque.

A seat in the British parliament, to be made vacant by the resignation of Lord Algeron Percy, is likely to be accepted by Mr. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer.

An anarchist from Wisconsin visited the jail in Chicago, and offered a deputy sheriff \$50 to allow him a glimpse of August Spies. He was ordered out of the building.

Under the recent act of congress extending the free-delivery system, applications for carriers have been made by ninety-five towns having the specified qualifications.

A measure calling for an appropriation of \$2,000,000 for the manufacture by Americans of first-class modern guns for the navy and coast defenses has been introduced in the House.

JACK SPRAIN recently resigned the post-mastership at Big Spring, Illinois, to which he was appointed by President Jackson. For his fifty-four years' service he has received a warrant for \$170.

It is stated by Henri Rochefort that seven nihilists were recently hanged in the prison at Odessa, ten others are being tried at Wilna for killing a colonel, and two hundred more were lately sent to Siberia.

MAJOR M. S. GORDON, an Indian fighter, who became famous at the time of the Custer massacre, has recently received from an English syndicate \$300,000 in cash for the cattle and horses on his ranch near Decatur, Tex.

The success of Mrs. Angle in her suit against the Omaha road for violation of contract has induced the Farmers' Loan and Trust company of New York to commence an action to recover the value of \$800,000 in bonds of the old Portage road.

Born houses of the Colorado legislature have passed a resolution requesting congress to pass laws placing in the hands of competent federal agents full power to exterminate contagious diseases among live stock, with an appropriation of \$1,000,000 to defray the cost.

The aggregate annual product of Illinois coal mines, according to the State Board of Labor Statistics, shows a decrease for last year as compared with the previous year. Industrial depression and Eastern competition are the given causes. A revival is anticipated.

A STEEL has been selected at New Orleans by experienced parties from Memphis for a mill to be run in opposition to the monopoly known as the Cotton-Seed Oil Trust company. Stock has been given to the leading planters on the lower Mississippi, who pledge themselves to furnish ample raw material.

MISS ANNIE T. HOWARD, daughter of the lottery king of New Orleans, has purchased a lot on the corner of Camp and Delord streets, on which to erect and establish a memorial library of one hundred thousand volumes, to be turned over to Tulane university. The latter institution has secured the Harmony club building for the college for young women established by Mrs. Newcomb, of New York.

## NOW FOR BIG GUNS.

Disastrous Floods—Boston People Walking—Montreal Ice Carnival, Etc.

The Vermont Railroad Horror—Gen. Von Moltke thinks the Situation in Europe is Serious—Earthquake Shocks—Train Robbers, Etc.

Latest Congressional, Legislative and General Eastern, Western, Southern and Foreign News.

**Millions for Defense, etc.**  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 8.—The acting secretary of the Senate yesterday adopting the twin bill appropriating \$21,000,000 for coast defenses is loudly commended, and if the House will take as prompt action, it will not be long before an army of mechanics and artisans will be at work preparing for any contingency in the future.

The following nominations were confirmed by the senate: Consuls—E. J. Smith, at Tien-Tsin; S. A. Pratt, at Zanzibar; I. R. Diller, of Chicago, at Florence. Associate Justices—W. G. Langford, Washington Territory; J. Spencer of New York, Dakota.

George H. Pendleton, United States Minister to Germany, visited the Senate chamber yesterday afternoon, and was warmly greeted by many of the Senators.

**The Disastrous Floods.**  
JOLIET, Ill., Feb. 8.—Forty-eight hours of continuous rain in this section is causing serious damage to property. Early yesterday morning the rain poured down in torrents for several hours, accompanied by the most violent thunder and frequent lightning. The railroad bridges across Spring and Hickory creeks are swept away, and along the valleys of those streams, which are spreading far over their banks, the people are moving out to safe quarters. The rain is still pouring down and a serious flood is threatening. Traffic on the Santa Fe road along the Desplaines river is suspended, and extensive general damage will result unless the rain and thaw ceases within the next six hours and a freezing temperature sets in.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 8.—The river is falling at the rate of half an inch an hour, and the danger of a repetition of the disastrous floods of 1833 and 1884 is considered past.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 8.—The river continues to recede gradually. The weather is cloudy.

**Compelled to Walk.**  
BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 8.—The employees of the South Boston horse railroad, at a meeting which lasted until 3 o'clock yesterday morning, voted unanimously to "tie up" the road, and in pursuance of this vote no cars were taken out yesterday morning. This is one of the largest horse railways in the city. The men are opposed to the present superintendent and want ten hour's work during a twelve-hour day.

**Crash of Montreal Ice Carnival.**  
MONTREAL, Can., Feb. 8.—Yesterday evening the governor-general and Lady Lansdowne in the *Enlighten* arrived from Ottawa and were met by a guard of the Montreal garrison artillery, which escorted them to the ice palace, where they formally opened the carnival. The city is full of strangers.

**Forerunners at Ottawa.**  
OTTAWA, Ill., Feb. 8.—The ninth annual session of the high court independent Order of Forerunners will hold a four-day session here this week. One hundred delegates arrived from Chicago last night and were publicly welcomed by Mayor Allen.

**Sent to Joliet.**  
JOLIET, Ill., Feb. 8.—Two Hungarian coal miners, Chas. Grokotsky and John Leicher, from Pontiac, were received at the prison yesterday afternoon on waylaying and murdering a fellow miner at Coal City, named Gibart, during a strike there last fall, because he would not quit work. They have been sentenced to long terms.

**Terrible Death.**  
LEBANON, Pa., Feb. 8.—Yesterday morning near Lebanon Valley furnace, an iron tank on a truck filled with red hot cinders collided with another car, and the hot metal was thrown over the bodies of Peter Reddinger, aged 45 years, and Henry Kurtz, aged 38 years. Reddinger died soon after the accident and Kurtz died shortly after.

**Railway Slanched.**  
WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, Vt., Feb. 7.—The wrecking of the Montreal express four miles north of here on Saturday morning was the worst disaster in New England railroad history. The men of instant death came to few of those who perished, and the sufferings of those who still live were scarcely less frightful. Death came to many in its most horrible form—by fire. It is yet impossible to accurately number those who perished, but the death record will contain the names of fully two-thirds, if not more, of all on board the doomed train. The wrecked express was the regular night train from Boston and New York for Montreal, via the Central Vermont road. Behind the engine in the order named were the baggage-car, mail combination car, two passenger coaches, and two sleepers—one from New York and one from Boston. The train ran as usual, at about thirty-five miles an hour through White River village, a mile away, and thence up a light grade toward a bridge which crossed the river about three miles beyond.

The road makes a sharp turn to the right a few hundred yards before reaching the bridge. Between this curve and the bridge occurred the mishap which caused this disaster. It is impossible to say whether the defect was a broken journal, wheel, or rail. At all events, the third car of the train left the track at this point. The three following cars were also thrown off, and they bumped along over the sleepers until the bridge was reached. Then the couplings broke, and the four cars suddenly plunged down a sheer fall of more than fifty feet to a frozen river below.

below. A scene of unspeakable horror followed. More than seventy-five people were imprisoned in the great, shapeless pile that lay like an unlighted funeral pyre on the ice. The climax of horror soon came. Scarcely had the awful shrieks of wounded and dying been first heard when fire broke out at the very bottom of the great heap, and it soon added its torture to the pangs of the imprisoned passengers. The time for rescue was appallingly brief. The cars were unusually crowded, many being on board on their way from Boston, New York, and other southern points, to the Montreal carnival. The engine and mail and baggage cars passed over safely, but all five passenger-cars, with their living freight, were thrown into the river. The five cars which formed the wreck caught fire and the flames from them set the bridge itself on fire. The people from the neighboring farms rushed in to aid in rescuing the dying and injured ones. Within a few minutes every farm-house within two miles and the hotels at Hartford and White River Junction were turned into hospitals for the care of the injured. Special trains came with doctors and nurses. The bridge men and cars were not over eighty feet consumed, and the heat of the flames made the work of rescue all the more difficult.

A comparison of the tickets taken up by the conductors of the incoming and connecting trains largely reduces the number of persons on the train. Conductor Andrew Bean gives the exact number of tickets taken up for points beyond where the accident occurred as thirty-six, of which sixteen were collected in the car *Pilgrim* from Boston. Conductor Barrett counts his car at thirty, twelve being in the car *St. Albans* from Springfield. This leaves only the very few who probably came over the Passumpsic and those starting from here, the latter probably not exceeding ten in all besides the railroad men, who were on the train. It is now believed that not over eighty-one persons were on the train. Of these thirty-five are accounted for as among the wounded, thirty-three are dead, four are uninjured, leaving only four unaccounted for. It is understood there were some children without tickets, so the above figures may be slightly changed.

**Another Outrage at San Francisco.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 7.—The side of a Geary street cable dummy was blown into splinters last night as the train going west reached the corner of Fillmore and Geary streets. The only person aboard the train besides the gripman and the conductor was a policeman detailed to discover obstructions on the track. His escape from injury, and that of the gripman and conductor, was marvelous. The train had stopped but a minute, before it permitted a party of men and women to leave it. The concussion was felt a mile away.

**Strikes.**  
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 7.—The threatened lock-out of the cutters and trimmers employed in the wholesale clothing business of this city took place today. The following notice was posted in the offices and cutting-rooms of the clothing houses on Saturday: All Knights of Labor in our employ will take notice that they will not be admitted to our cutting-rooms on Monday morning next, nor until further notice. By order of the board of arbitration, Philadelphia clothing-exchange.

ISRAEL HECHT, ARBITRATOR.

**The Inter-State Commission.**  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 7.—The Inter-State Commission will soon be named. It is said by one who has the ear of the President, that the selection will be made from the following: A. G. Thurman, of Ohio; Wm. Windom, of Minn.; T. M. Cooley, of Mich.; C. K. Ives, Jr., of New York; Gen. J. H. Wilson, of Delaware; J. M. Smith, of Georgia; W. H. Swift and W. T. Coleman, of California.

**Much Water.**  
LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 7.—The Ohio river and its tributaries have been booming for the past week, and great fears were entertained of a damaging overflow, but it is now believed that the worst is over. Between this point and Cairo, Ill., there is a great volume of water that has spread over the lowlands.

**Amateur Train Robbers.**  
TOLSON, Ill., Feb. 7.—An unsuccessful attempt was made Saturday night to rob the Watash westward-bound through express train, which usually carries a rich load of currency, probably at Sidney, where a young man, who crawled from their hiding place behind the tender and ordered the engineer to stop the train. The engineer slyly drew a pistol from his tool chest and compelled them to jump from the train as it rushed toward Tolson.

**Numerous Fires.**  
Configurations are reported from Patterson, N. J., loss \$125,000; from Yates City, Ill., loss \$13,000; at Tolson, Ill., a dredge boat valued at \$10,000; at Dodge, Iowa, loss \$14,000; at Middletown, Conn., loss \$100,000; at Indianapolis, Ind., the Central Chair Manufacturing, loss, \$30,000.

**Three States Shaken.**  
CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 7.—Yesterday morning Central Illinois, Missouri and Indiana were shaken up pretty lively by an earthquake which was very sensibly felt at Springfield, Centralia and Vandalia, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo. and Terre Haute, Ind. No damage is reported.

**Pacific Intentions.**  
PARIS, Feb. 5.—Count von Moltke, the German ambassador, visited M. Flourens, minister of foreign affairs, and received renewed assurance of the pacific intentions of France toward Germany. It is stated that Germany has not made complaint of the armaments which France has been making. The *Journal des Debats* has a telegram from St. Petersburg saying that Emperor William, in reply to a message from the czar, has stated that Germany has no intention of attacking France and that Prince Bismarck has sent a similar dispatch to M. de Giers, the Russian minister of foreign affairs. The contents of both dispatches, the *Journal* correspondent says, were communicated to M. Laiboulaye, the French ambassador at St. Petersburg.

## FOREIGN.

Acting by his physician's advice, Mr. Parnell will go abroad to recruit his health after the conclusion of the debate on the address.

The *Paal Mall Gazette* asserts that England has practically decided to adopt the Lee American rifle for the use of her army.

Le Paris expresses thankfulness that France is under a republican government. A king, says that journal, could never have brooked German insults.

Spanish republican immigrants residing in France have decided to form a volunteer force of 2,000 men to assist France in the event of war with Germany.

The members of the extreme left in Paris have decided in favor of granting priority to Gen. Boulanger's military-organization bill, with a view of drawing from Premier Goblet a statement regarding the political situation.

Great alarm has been caused by frequent murderous attacks upon pedestrians in the streets of Madrid at night. Seven persons have been killed or badly wounded in less than a month.

The Carlists, of Spain, are organizing clubs and committees for election purposes in several provinces.

The *Berliner Nachrichten*, at Berlin, says that Gen. von Moltke, in receiving a deputation of Conservative deputies, declared that the political situation was most serious, and authorized the deputation to give publicity to his statement.

The inhabitants of Baku, the centre of the great Russian petroleum fields, have been much alarmed over a subterranean explosion, which shook houses and caused considerable damage. At the same time a volcano burst on Lobkhan, ten miles distant from Baku. For two high the volcano threw out a column of fire and mud three feet high, illuminating the country for miles around. The mud emitted during the eruption already lies from seven to fourteen feet deep over a full square mile of the territory.

PARIS, Feb. 4.—The *Temps* publishes a statement, supposed to have emanated from Herbert, French Ambassador at Berlin, to the effect that the present warlike alarms are nothing more than German election maneuvers; no harm will result if France remains quiet.

*La Justice* contradicts serialism Berlin *Post's* charges against General Boulanger.

VINNEA, Feb. 3.—This evening the Emperor said the present military measures had been rendered necessary by the parsimonious war estimates of recent years. The object was to raise Austria to a level with other Powers. Both the Emperor and Crown Prince expressed the opinion that there was no immediate danger of war.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—A dispatch from Berlin says Prince Bismarck has assured the Ambassador of a friendly Power that Germany will on no account attack France.

BERNE, Feb. 3.—The *Cunderstrin* has issued instructions to authorities of the cantons to be followed in the event of calling out Swiss troops.

**Signs of the President.**  
CLEVELAND, Feb. 5.—President Cleveland signed the interstate commerce bill yesterday afternoon. The signing of the bill by the president was in full accord with the opinion of Atty. Gen. Garland, rendered to him on last Monday, and it is very well understood to be in accord with the views of the cabinet.

The attorney general was asked to give his views in regard to the bill and explain wherein it differed from the senate bill of two years ago, which he opposed on the ground that it was unconstitutional. He declined to do so, saying that he regarded the opinion he had given to the president on the subject as strictly confidential. It is learned, however, from trustworthy sources that the attorney general, as well as the president, considers the bill which has just become a law free from all the material features which were objectionable in the senate bill of two years ago. According to this information the attorney general's objections to the old bill was to the vast powers of a legislative and judicial character that were given to the commission. The attorney general is said to hold that the present bill does not confer judicial powers on the commission, but puts them in the courts on the report from the commission, and that it does not confer legislative power except in the fourth section (the long and short haul clause), and that this is warranted by numberless precedents in the legislative history of the government.

**Four Girls Perish by Fire.**  
MONTREAL, Feb. 5.—Four young girls were burned to death in the school house at St. Monique, in the county of Two Mountains, Thursday. Three sisters, daughters of Mrs. Ambrose Gravel, and another girl named Forget slept in the place during the night. Some time in the night the school-house took fire and burned to the ground. The charred remains of the young unfortunates were found amid the ashes. The little ones retired in the evening to the best of spirits, after having spent several hours in amusing themselves.

**Hoke in the Peoria Jail.**  
PEORIA, Ill., Feb. 5.—J. Finley Hoke, accompanied by Frank Hitchcock, reached the county jail at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. He was looking well and apparently cheerful, and handed his gloves and hat to his coachman, who greeted the army at the depot with a carriage, and his cheerfulness remained unimpaired as long as he staid in the parlor of the county building. It was only when he found out that the efforts of his friends had been unsuccessful and that he was not to remain up-stairs, but take his place in an ordinary, cell among the common prisoners, that his feathers drooped. He protested against this, but in vain, and was ushered into the common waiting-room, where the prisoners were at breakfast, but of the meal he did not partake, his meal being sent from his home. The introduction to the other prisoners was a terrible trial to Hoke, but he bore up bravely, and shook hands with Barrett, who is no longer but a poor \$300 embezzler from the wholesale grocery firm of S. H. Thompson & Co., and who is slowly but surely dying of consumption.

## CONGRESS.

Proceedings of congress for the week ending February

**SENATE.**  
A message from the President was laid before the Senate vetoing a bill granting a pension to Mrs. Margaret Dunlap, of Missouri, the ground of the President's objection being that the death of the soldier (to which the pension is given was not caused in the line of duty, but in a quarrel with a comrade. Referred to the Committee on Pensions.

A bill appropriating \$10,000 for seeds to be distributed among destitute Texas farmers was passed.

The credentials of Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, for the full term commencing March 4 next were received and placed on file.

Mr. Evans introduced a bill for the purchase of John Edissson's Destroyer and ten enlarged steel vessels of the same type, for defending the harbors of the United States. The bill appropriates \$112,000 and \$200,000 for these purposes, respectively.

The Railway Attorney bill passed in a modified form by a vote of yeas 32, nays 14. The following is the text of the bill: That it shall be unlawful for any member of either house to accept employment as attorney-at-law or payment for services of any kind in opposition to the United States in any case to which the United States may be a party, or in which the interests may be concerned, or from any railroad company, if such member shall have reasonable cause to believe that measures specially affecting the interests of such company are pending before congress, or are about to be so pending during his term of office. Any person who violates the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and may be punished by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by fine not exceeding \$500, or by both, in the discretion of the court.

Among the papers submitted to the senate was a communication from the secretary of the navy with a report of Lieut. Eli Taunt, U. S. N., of his six months journey on the Congo river, together with articles, ornaments, and coins collected by him. The house bill to authorize the construction of a high wagon and foot passenger bridge over the Mississippi river between East Dubuque, Ill. and Dubuque, Iowa was taken up and passed. The conference report on the bill for a public building at Chattanooga, Tenn., was presented and agreed to.

A resolution to discharge the committee on territories from further consideration of the house bill to change the time of the meeting of the legislative assembly of Washington territory was offered. Sixty-six pensions bills were passed, among them a bill increasing the pension of the widow of Major Gen. Hunter to \$50 a month, and one increasing the pension of the widow of Col. Loren Burritt to \$100. The senate then proceeded to consideration of the Indian appropriation bill which contains fifty-two printed pages and was passed without a word of discussion. A motion to proceed to the consideration of the bill to reimburse the depositors of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust company, was not agreed to.

Twenty bills were passed by the Senate on Monday. Among them: to amend the acts to prohibit the importation and immigration of foreigners and in relation to the immediate transportation of dutiable goods and to authorize the construction of a bridge across the Tradewater river. The bills appropriating \$21,000,000 for ordnance and coast fortifications were adopted without debate, following which the *Eads Tehuantepec* bill was taken up and Mr. Morgan spoke in favor of it.

**HOUSE.**  
Bill reported and referred; authorizing the construction of bridges across the Missouri at Kansas City and across the Mississippi at Memphis; the Naval Appropriation bill. Referred to the committee of the whole.

Mr. Taulbee, of Kentucky, reported adversely the senate bills granting pensions to the widows of General Logan and General Blair. Placed on the private calendar.

Mr. Teller called up the senate bill providing for a military post near Dever, Col. (passed by the senate and amended by the house), and moved that the house amendments be concurred in. Carried. The bill as passed appropriates \$100,000.

The house bill to bridge the Missouri river between Omaha and Council Bluffs, reported from the committee on commerce with amendments, was passed; the bill authorizing the removal of the quarantine station from Ship Island, Mississippi, was passed. It appropriates \$45,000.

The credentials of Hugh H. Price as representative from the Eighth congressional district of Wisconsin, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of his father, were presented and read, and Mr. Price appeared at the bar of the house and qualified.

Bills passed: Defining the collection districts of Miami and Sandusky, O.; authorizing the construction of a passenger bridge across the Mississippi river at Dubuque.

Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, from the committee on agriculture, reported back the senate bill for the establishment of agricultural experiment stations. Referred.

On motion of Mr. Laffoon, of Kentucky, a Senate bill was passed appropriating \$50,000 for the erection of a public building at Owensboro, Ky.

Mr. Holman, of Indiana, from the committee on appropriations, reported the legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill. Committee of the whole.

Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, from the committee on the judiciary, reported back the senate bill extending the time for the filling of the French spoliation claims. House calendar.

tee on the judiciary. The resolutions of the Pennsylvania legislature in favor of the Miller pleuro-pneumonia bill and the bill for the establishment of agricultural experiment stations were referred. The bill for the payment of what are known as the "Fourth of July claims," after some discussion, was passed. It appropriates about \$180,000.

A motion was passed for holding terms of the United States Court at Duluth, Minn. Under the call of states a large number of bills were introduced and referred. Under a suspension of the rules bills to abolish terms of U. S. Court at St. Joseph, Hannibal and Springfield, Mo.; granting the right of way through the Indian Territory to the Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska Railway and to appropriate \$125,000 for the completion of public buildings at Detroit, Mich., were passed.

**The Rock Island Train Robbery.**  
MOMMS, Ill., Feb. 4.—The preliminary examination of Schwartz, the accused in the Rock Island railroad robbery and murder, was finished at 9 o'clock last night. Since the trial there have been fifteen witnesses examined, among whom were Conductors Wagner and Danforth, Coroner Hand, Johnson, the brakeman; L. Y. Jones, money receiving clerk of the United States Express company; Eugene French, check clerk of the same company, and Frank Hill, assistant general superintendent, and Albert H. Trotter, agent of the same company at Davenport; Edwin H. Gamble, pay teller of the Merchants' National bank of Chicago, and Mack S. Brady, a clerk in the same bank; Thomas E. Withrow, general solicitor of the Rock Island road; Miss Emma Lewis, of Chicago, who lived in Schwartz' neighborhood, and who from woman's curiosity learned the prices of furniture in Schwartz' house and gave the prices paid by Schwartz for jewelry: \$75 for a gold watch for wife, \$15 for one for himself, \$15 for bracelets, \$25 for earrings, another chain \$25, charm \$18, bracelets for a little girl \$4 and the prices paid for household furniture. William Pinkerton was also on the stand. Arguments closed at 9 o'clock, when the magistrate held him to the next grand jury without bail. The court-room, as usual, was thronged with spectators, a few ladies being present. Mrs. Schwartz did not attend the trial. The prisoner wears a more haggard appearance than yesterday.

**The Great Wolf Hunt.**  
TUSCULOA, Ill., Feb. 3.—Two weeks ago a big wolf hunt was organized in this (Douglas) county, and an attempt was made to rid Sargent township of these pests, which have so long been a terror to the sheep-folds of that section. The plan was to surround the township, and, beating straight to the center, get them within a limited circle and annihilate them in one grand massacre. They succeeded in killing three, while a great many escaped, owing to the bad formation of the lines. It was then proposed to have another to finish the undertaking, and yesterday was appointed. Early in the day sportsmen began to form in line on the four sides of the township, the north line being under command of Scott Howell, of Newman, B. F. Coykendall on the west, J. W. Pearce, of Oakland, on the south, and J. D. Carter, of Brocton on the east, all assisted by a corps of lieutenants. It is estimated that from 2,000 to 2,500 sportsmen were in line, at least 1,500 of whom were on horseback, among the steeds being some of the finest and best metted horses of this section. About seventy hounds of different varieties were secured, fifteen of which were brought from Marshall by Col. Ed Harlan, Capt. Welch, who formed a part of the contingent. A pretty fair line was maintained up to within a mile of the center, where the round-up was to be made in a large open field of 1,500 acres belonging to Andrew Gwinn, who owns in all 3,700 acres of the finest prairie land, over which dogs and horses have a clear run of two and three miles without fences to annoy them. A about 10:30 o'clock the Newman detachment, numbering about three hundred men and dogs, on horseback, aroused a huge timber wolf in a large pasture belonging to John Martin, and it was shot at twice by J. C. Hallowell, of Oakland, but it escaped.

A large number of wolves were seen, and enough are left for several more chases. In fact, another one on a smaller scale will come off at an early date. The number of wolves seen depended a great deal on the size of the bottle the man carried, but the most that can be claimed as captured is two, the largest of which will weigh probably seventy-five pounds. It might be stated here that while a great many who participated in the hunt went to enjoy a day of innocent though exciting sport, a large number of tourists from all the neighboring towns went for no other purpose than to create disturbances, and were unmanageable in sustaining the lines as they should have been.

—Miss May Callender, of New York City, has a fortune of \$1,000,000, and she spends the income unhampered by a guardian.

THE MARKETS.		
CHICAGO.		
DERIVES—Choice to Prime..	5.00	@ 5.40
Good Shipping.....	4.40	4.55
Common.....	3.80	4.10
HOGS—Shipping Grades.....	4.50	5.10
FLLOUR—Extra Spring.....	4.25	4.60
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring.....	77 1/2	77 3/4
CORN—No. 2.....	35 1/4	35 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	25 1/2	27
BUTTER—Creamery.....	28	28 1/2
Fine Dairy.....	19 1/2	21
NEWSE—Full Cream Ched'.....	12 1/2	13
Full Cream, new.....	12 1/2	
EGGS—Fresh.....	23	30
POTATOES—New, per bu.....	10	53
PORK—mess.....	12.45	12.50
NEW YORK.		
DERIVES.....	\$4.35	@ 5.55
HOGS.....	4.40	@ 4.80
WHEAT—No. 1. White.....	98	94
No. 2 Red.....	91	@ 19 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	47 1/2	@ 47 1/2
Oats—White.....	38	42
PORK—New mess.....	12.50	12.75
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	81	@ 82 1/2
CORN—mixed.....	34 1/2	34 3/4
OATS—mixed.....	27 1/2	27 3/4
PORK—New mess.....	12.45	12.75
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	84	@ 84 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	37 1/2	37 3/4
OATS—No. 2.....	30	30 1/2
PORK—mess.....	12.45	12.55
HOGS.....	4.75	5.15

## INDUSTRIAL.

ENCOURAGING CHEESE-MAKING.

An English paper says: A movement has been set on foot by Henry F. Moore, of Frome, Somerset, to raise a sum of 200 guineas for a "jubilee cheese cup," to be offered next September at the Frome show, for the best cheese made on any cheddar system in any part of the queen's dominions, each competitor to send a detailed and complete report of his system of manufacture. Mr. Moore suggests that a useful selection of the reports should be then issued by the agricultural department for the public benefit. Mr. Moore rightly calls attention to the fact that, at a low estimate we make in this country 135,000 tons of cheese annually, which at the highest does not bring to the producer an average price of more than £50 a ton, while the best qualities will sell for £65, the difference between the actual average realized and the possible realization, if only the quality were all first-class, being over two millions sterling per annum. An increase of only £5 a ton would mean £660,000 in the pockets of our home cheese-makers. Any movement that may tend in even a small degree to the improvement of our dairy is to be received with congratulation, and we hope Mr. Moore's scheme may not fall to the ground for lack of support. We have again and again, when speaking of dairy schools, of cheese markets and of dairy shows, lamented the low average standard of English dairy work, and striven to urge upon dairy farmers the vital importance of securing for their sons and daughters sound practical instruction in dairy work. As a people go on contentedly making mediocre cheese when they might easily make the best, would they but exert themselves to learn how. We have often said that there should be good dairy schools in every county, but the apathy and indifference with which some of the schools already in existence



## THE OLD HYMN.

To-day, with quiet heart, I heard  
The prayer, the anthem, and the psalm,  
And gently on my spirit fell  
The sweetness of the Sunday calm,  
Till, at the reading of the hymn,  
With sudden tears my eyes were dim.

That old, old hymn! Its sacred lines  
Had fallen on my childish ears;  
My heart turned back, unbidden, to  
The stretch of intervening years;  
Near me my little daughter sat, and  
Yet I was again a child.

Outside the winds were fierce and rough,  
The winter's chill was in the air;  
But I could hear the bonny birds  
And humming insects everywhere;  
And feel, in spite of frost and snow,  
A summer breeze from long ago.

To find the place I took the book,  
And held it in a woman's hand,  
While all my soul was moved with thrills,  
No other soul could understand;  
And quite unseen, with love divine,  
My mother's fingers folded mine.

And not because the music rose  
Exaltingly I held my breath,  
For I should lose its sweet delight,  
Upon her lips the hush of death  
For years has lain, and yet I heard  
My mother's voice in every word.

Full well I know the dead are dead,  
Yet sometimes at a look or tone,  
With short relating, will the past  
One moment give me back my own.  
Oh, happy pain! Too quickly done—  
As swiftly ended as begun.

Susanah Archibald.

## BITTER-SWEET.

It was in the autumn that the news  
Of the loss of the ship *Albatross* reached  
the small town of Haven. She had  
foundered on her way to Calcutta,  
and Aleck Fanshawe was on board as super-  
cargo.

"It isn't as though Squire Fanshawe  
hadn't other sons," commented a  
neighbor, when the blinds were pulled  
down and escape died on the knocker  
at the big stone mansion, and prayers  
were offered in church for the bereaved  
family and friends. Everybody in  
town, so to speak, turned out to church  
that September morning to see how the  
family took it, and to be able to criti-  
cise the funeral sermon. The Fan-  
shaws had been a gay, worldly crowd,  
and this was their first sorrow, and  
those who had seen them in prosperity  
and joy wanted to behold the effect of  
the reverse; but they proved to be a  
family who did not wear the heart on  
the sleeve; they conducted themselves  
bravely behind their weeds, and re-  
strained their tears till they might flow  
in private.

The only excitement of the occasion,  
however, was worthy of the expectations  
of their friends. The family  
filed into church, black, as grief  
and derangement could make them. There  
were John and his mother, Sue and Hil-  
degard; but who was this other on the  
old Squire's arm, bowed with emotion,  
more sable than them all, in  
widow's veil and cap? Who? Why,  
it was only Louise Turner, whom they  
had always known. Why was she in  
widow's weeds and on the Squire's arm?  
What had happened to her? There was  
lively gossip, you may be sure, that day  
on the way from home from church.

"I remember he was kind of attentive  
to Louise Turner one spell," reflected  
Mrs. Ames.

"That's so," echoed Mrs. Blake.  
"Don't you remember he took her to a  
concert over to Danvers? He has al-  
ways known her; and like as not there  
was something between them."

"So he has always known every  
other girl in town," said Mrs. Blunt,  
the skeptic; "and he has been just as  
attentive to half a dozen others, as  
far as I can see."

"Yes," acknowledged Mrs. Ames,  
reluctantly, "he was attentive to all  
of them on and off; but then a man may  
be attentive to a dozen, you know,  
while he only cares for one. It's odd;  
a woman couldn't do it; it would bore  
her horribly—that is, unless she's a  
flirt."

"Well, of course it's true," sighed  
Mrs. Blunt, "or else she wouldn't be  
in widow's weeds and in the Squire's pew;  
but she's the last girl I thought Aleck  
would care for. I can't reconcile my-  
self to it."

The interest and surprise of this  
event seemed to subtract something  
from the solemnity of the occasion. It  
was not so wonderful that Aleck  
Fanshawe should die that he should  
have been engaged to Louise Turner  
and no one ever have guessed it. It  
perplexed and disturbed Mrs. Blunt,  
she could hardly tell why. Perhaps she  
was disappointed that Aleck should  
have cared for such a shallow girl as  
Louise; and then a surprise has an ir-  
ritating effect upon some natures. She  
upbraided herself for having so little  
sympathy for Louise in such a tre-  
mendous sorrow.

Louise was pretty; everybody said  
Louise was pretty, and young men are  
easily pleased. Doubtless it had occurred  
at the last moment before his departure,  
and Louise had waited for his return to  
declare it. Aleck had been the best  
match in town, and, love aside, this  
was a great blow for Louise, with when  
everybody was bound to sympathize.  
But Mrs. Blunt was dissatisfied with the  
quality as well as the quantity of her  
own sympathy.

"It seems," said a neighbor who hap-  
pened in to talk it over—"it seems that  
Louise heard the rumor, and rushed up  
to Squire Fanshawe's to know the truth,  
and when it was verified she went straight  
to hysterics, and confessed that they  
had been privately engaged."

Of course the Squire adopted her into  
the family at once. They bought her  
mourning, the very best, and I dare  
say they'll give her Aleck's property—  
you know he had a fortune from his  
own mother. The Squire's first wife."

"Have you heard that John refused  
to believe it at first?" asked Mrs. Blunt.

"Yes he was a little stiff at first; he  
never liked Louise, you know."

"It seems to me I shouldn't want to  
take it on trust as they're done, I should  
want to see letters in his own hand,  
or something confirmatory—not just  
her word for it."

"Seems to me it would be a tremen-  
dous cruelty to turn a deaf ear to her  
at such a time and refuse to believe her  
story."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Blunt. "Better,  
be cheated to the last than lose the

blessed hope of truth," as some poet  
says."

It was a few days after these astonish-  
ing events that Miss Betty Le Breton  
returned from a vacation at the moun-  
tains without having heard of the dis-  
aster that had overtaken the Fan-  
shaws.

"When I am married," she said, in  
the enthusiasm of a first acquaintance  
with the mountains, "I shall take my  
wedding tour through the hills in a  
buggy; it's just enchantment. Any  
letter for me, Aunt Helen? Any  
news?"

"News? O dear—yes—too much.  
I didn't write you because I didn't  
want to sadden your vacation, and you  
and Aleck were always such friends."

"Aleck?"

"Yes. The Albatross had been lost  
at sea, and the Fanshaws were just  
heart-broken, Louise is there with them;  
it seems she was engaged to Aleck  
privately; and her widow's weeds are  
very becoming. It's a dreadful, dread-  
ful thing for her; but they say the Squire  
has about the same as adopted her, and  
that she'll have the lion's share of  
Aleck's money. She went in on the  
Squire's own arm when the funeral  
sermon was preached; it was very  
touching. Why don't you say some-  
thing, Betty? I always thought you  
and Aleck were good friends; and  
Louise—"

"What is there to say?" Betty  
asked, directly. There was an odd  
lustre in her eyes, but she was not cry-  
ing, she looked petrified.

"You might at least say you were  
sorry."

"Sorry? O, yes!"—absently—"I sup-  
pose so."

"Why, Betty, haven't you any feel-  
ing?"

"I don't know. Perhaps not.  
What would it do?"

"Aleck was such a good friend to  
you! Do you remember when he used  
to come and help you with your Gen-  
man? I used to think he was a little  
man; I love with you, Betty; but it seems  
I was mistaken; and, for the matter of  
that, it doesn't signify, now that he is  
dead. Indeed, it's better for you as it  
is; you are spared the sorrow. Why,  
Betty, are you sick? Is anything the  
matter?"

Betty had risen with a great cry and  
was stretching out unavailing arms into  
space. "He's dead—Aleck—and he  
loved her, and she has a right to her  
sorrow; and I—"

It was three months before Betty Le  
Breton was able to sit up. The neigh-  
bors said she had come home from the  
mountains with malaria, and she was  
doubtful if she would ever get it out of  
her system. Miss Le Breton, her aunt,  
wisely said nothing; but when she saw  
Louise in her funeral garments driving  
by, Squire Fanshawe's carriage she  
wondered if Betty were not far more  
miserable. Betty herself wondered  
why she did not die in that bitter  
season of despair. There seemed to be  
nothing to detain her here: life had  
come to a standstill. It was not that  
Aleck had died; she could have borne  
that perhaps and sorrowed bravely,  
and yet have lived on.

That would have been grief enough,  
to be sure, for one heart to bear; but  
she would still have possessed the ten-  
der assurance of his love to compensate  
her. She would not have lost him  
utterly; she could have lived on with  
the certainty of meeting him, unchanged,  
at last, just as she had existed through  
her tedious work-days, sure of his  
companionship at their close—the one  
brightness in all her sombre days, the  
hours that were never absent from her  
thoughts, the hope that had carried her  
through all difficulties uncomplainingly.

Now there was nothing for her to live  
for or to die for. It seemed to her that  
the bloom was stripped from the world.  
She could not reconcile herself to her  
changed condition nor adjust herself to  
the belief that Aleck had cared  
nothing for her through all the years  
that had been to her like heaven on earth—  
that he had merely been passing the  
time. She felt as if the solid earth had  
fallen beneath her feet, and her life  
stretched out before her in dreary and  
barren perspective. If she could only  
be allowed to preserve the illusion that  
he loved her, wherever he might be,  
that would have sufficed for happiness,  
would have gilded all the empty years  
she must spend on earth without the sun  
of his presence. But people do not die  
when they have nothing to live for.

Betty's aunt trusted to time to miti-  
gate the blow; she remembered that she  
herself had lost a lover who deserted  
her; that she had cried her eyes out  
and had given away all her jewelry, and  
believed she was done with everything;  
but ten years later he passed her window  
daily, a bald, gony man from whom  
the glamour had fled. But she had for-  
gotten that he had robbed her of the  
power of loving any one else, and that  
other lovers had sighed in vain. When  
Betty first went out, and began to re-  
sume her ordinary life as if nothing had  
happened, the Squire's family had gone  
abroad, and had taken Louise Turner  
with them to lighten the shadow of their  
grief; and a stone in the Squire's lot in  
cemetery recorded the fact that Aleck  
Fanshawe had lived and died. It would  
have been a melancholy comfort to  
Betty to hang wreaths upon that great  
white stone that confronted her like a  
ghost among the shrubbery, to plant  
flowers about it. But how could she  
lavish such loving trifles in memory of  
the man who had deprived her of the  
poor privilege of weeping for him? She  
sometimes felt as if she would like to  
leave Haven forever; every road and  
steave and bit of wood reminded her of  
Aleck.

It was here he met her on her daily  
walk from school; it was in the wood  
they gathered the autumn leaves, and  
came home laden with spoils; on this  
river the moonlight had found them;  
on this wild bank Aleck had sat and  
sketched the scene for her; beneath this  
tree he had read to her from the poets.  
The very air of the places they had  
frequented together seemed filled with  
the tender words he had spoken. Could  
it be that he had not cared? Why,  
then, had he spent his last evening  
ashore with her? He had left early, to be  
sure, saying he must pack and be off by  
daybreak. Had he come from her to  
Louise? The thought of scarlet berries  
he had given her that night had hung  
in her room ever since, where her eyes  
would see it on waking. The first time  
she was able to walk across the room  
after her illness, she took it down and  
threw it upon the open fire; indeed, she  
took out all of his letters for the same  
purpose, but put them back again, not

strong enough to burn them all at  
once.

It was summer at Haven, but it was  
not summer in Betty Le Breton's heart.  
I think she remembered other June's,  
whose flowers were no sweeter, whose  
woods were no greener—June's that  
had borrowed something of their charm  
from her own happiness, that, like the  
moon, shone with borrowed light. She  
was trying to sing one of the old songs  
at her piano one twilight—songs she  
had sung with Aleck in their drives  
through the woodland aisles, where  
they had loved to linger; but the sobs  
choked her and the tears crowded and  
jostled each other in her eyes; and sud-  
denly, when the last vibration of the  
notes had ceased a voice outside took  
up the strain and sang it through.

"It is Aleck," she cried, hurrying  
toward the piazza like one in a dream.  
Then she walked, turned back, and sat  
down. Supposing it was Aleck, he be-  
longed to Louise. Of course it was a  
mistake. It was because she had been  
thinking about him. Aleck was dead,  
and she had no right to think of him.  
She never would think of him again—  
never; she would forget him as he had  
forgotten her. Dead or alive, he could  
be nothing to her—nothing, nothing.  
He had broken her heart; could one  
love with a broken heart?

Somebody was coming into the room  
with a lighted lamp preceded by ex-  
cited voices. It was Miss Le Breton,  
followed by Mrs. Ames.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she was saying.  
"Such a shock, too, for the Squire's  
family just as they were getting used  
to the idea of death!"

"But is it true? asked Miss Le Breton.  
Betty had shrunken into the dark cor-  
ner of the long room (which one lamp  
only illuminated in patches) in order  
to hide the tears upon her eyelids.

"True as preaching. I was just get-  
ting into the train for Haven this after-  
noon—I had been up to town for a  
trifle of shopping—and I heard a fami-  
ly voice saying, 'Allow me to carry  
your bundle, Mrs. Ames.' It made me  
shiver and my blood curdled. I looked  
over my shoulder, expecting to see a  
ghost—a railway station's queer place  
for a ghost, though, isn't it? Well,  
there stood Aleck Fanshawe. I shan't  
be any more surprised at the Day of  
Judgment."

What a change! cried Miss Le Bre-  
ton; and they all in their mourning,  
and the stone in the cemetery, and the  
estate administered upon! I wonder  
where Betty is?"

"Yes, seems as though they'd been  
to a mortal lot of expense for nothing."  
And what a happy day for Louise  
Turner! sighed Miss Le Breton. "I  
suppose he has cabled to his father?"

Mrs. Ames answered with a hearty  
laugh. "That's the oddest part of it.  
He asked about all the folks, coming  
down in the train; he didn't know  
they'd gone to Europe. And he asked  
first of all after you, Betty—upon my  
word! And you don't want to know  
about Louise?" said L. Louise who?  
said he. "Why, Louise Turner, of  
course." "What about her? Is she mar-  
ried, or dead?" "Married! I cried; why,  
Aleck Fanshawe, are you mad, or mak-  
ing believe? Didn't you expect that  
Louise Turner would confess her en-  
gagement to you, you sly old dog,  
after the news of your death?"

"Confess her engagement to me!" he  
repeated, and he looked like a thunder-  
bolt. I was frightened. "You don't  
mean to say you weren't engaged to  
her?" I said. "Now she's just like one  
of the family—wears widow's weeds for  
you, and went to church on the Squire's  
arm when your funeral sermon was  
preached." "Engaged to her?" he cried;  
"I never thought of it. I am engaged  
to Betty Le Breton, and I never loved  
any one else." I thought I'd run over  
and prepare your mind," pursued Mrs.  
Ames, "for fear of the shock. Where's  
Betty?"

Squire Fanshawe's family returned  
season for Betty's wedding, and she  
took her wedding tour through the  
White Mountains, after all. But  
Louise Turner never appeared in Haven  
again.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## The Race Is Long-Lived.

Within a few days there have been in  
the columns of the Sun's exchange a  
good many references to very old per-  
sons, some whose deaths called out the  
notice, some still living. Brought to-  
gether from a dozen newspapers in  
widely separated States, these notices  
form a strong argument in favor of the  
theory that men live longer now than  
they have in many past centuries.

Of the dead, there is Mrs. Elizabeth  
W. Leveik; who died in Philadelphia  
Sunday, aged 97 years; Mrs. Mary Don-  
alds of Tacony, Pa., who was 99 years  
old when she died; John Schockley of  
Bourbon County, W. V., a veteran of  
the War of 1812, who died recently,  
aged 95 years; William Henry Williams,  
a citizen of Cincinnati, who had lived  
102 years when he died Tuesday;  
Amos Hunt of Barnesville, Ga., who  
was the father of twenty-eight children,  
twenty-three of whom live to mourn  
their father, taken away at the age of  
105 years; and Barbara Pelvaks, who  
was within a few months of having  
lived 105 years at the time of her recent  
death.

Of the living there are Capt. William  
Dickey and Capt. David Hunter of  
Stroud, Me., not very old—the one 87  
and the other 84—both so vigorous, so  
able to still do a man's work behind  
the plow or in the harvest field, that  
they bid fair to live twenty years yet.  
Then there is James Fitzgerald of Kil-  
dare, Cape, P. E. I., who, though over  
100 years old, weeds turnips and does  
other light work. Marvin Smith of  
Kitemaug, N. Y., though 102, looks  
and acts like a man of 60, eats heartily,  
reads without glasses, and works on  
his farm together with his son, who is  
72 years old. In Elkton, Minn., lives  
Farmer O'Leary, and he is over 112  
years old. But the patriarch of all is  
Noah Raby of Plainfield, N. J. He  
was born in 1772, saw Gen. George  
Washington, served on the frigate  
Constitution in the War of 1812, looks  
no older than a man of 80, and still  
supports himself in the summer by the  
sweat of his venerable brow.—*New  
York Sun.*

## How the new fit.

Circumstantial evidence: "Uncle  
Ben, how can you tell that your hands  
are dirty, they're so black, you know?"  
"He! He! what a chile you is! Yo' see,  
honey, de water gits riley."

## A Whole Ship's Crew in Love.

In scenes from the life of Hobart  
Pasha it is said that, after receiving his  
"baptism of fire" in Spain, while serv-  
ing with the naval brigade against Don  
Carlos, Hobart, while still a midship-  
man, was sent to the South American  
station, where he was engaged in put-  
ting down the slave trade. Our adven-  
turer's first love experience in Buenos  
Ayres, that paradise of pretty women,  
is delightfully told.

Within forty-eight hours of arriving  
every man of the crew was deeply in  
love. My respectable Captain, who had  
been for many years living as a con-  
firmed bachelor with his only relative,  
an old sister, with whom he chummed,  
and I fancy had hardly been known to  
speak to another woman, was suddenly  
perceived walking about the street with  
a large bouquet in his hand his hair  
well oiled, his coat generally so loose and  
comfortable-looking, and buttoned tight  
to show his figure, and then he took to  
sporting beautiful kid gloves and even  
to dancing.

He could not be persuaded to go on  
board at any cost; while he had never  
left his ship before, except for an occa-  
sional day's shooting. In short, he had  
fallen hopelessly in love with a buxom  
Spanish lady, with lustrous eyes as  
black as his hair. Our First and Sec-  
ond Lieutenants followed suit, but were  
fervently in love; and all my mess-  
mates fell down and worshipped the  
lovely (and lovely they were and no  
mistake) Spanish girls of Buenos  
Ayres, whose type of beauty is that  
which only the blue blood of Spain can  
boast of.

Now, reader, don't be shocked; I fell  
in love myself, and my love affair  
proved of a more serious nature, at least  
in its results, than that of the others.

To make a long story short, the girl  
and I, like two fools as we were, de-  
cided to run away together, and run  
away we did. I should have been  
married if the mother hadn't run after  
us. She didn't object to our being  
married, but in the meantime she re-  
mained with us, and she managed to  
make the country home we had escaped  
to, with the intention of settling down  
there, so unbearable that, luckily for  
me as regards my future, I contrived to  
get away and went as fast as I could  
on board my ship for refuge, never  
landing again during our stay at Buenos  
Ayres.

Fortunately, shortly afterwards, we  
were ordered away, and so ended my  
first love affair. I shall never forget  
the melancholy, woebegone faces of my  
Captain and brother officers on our re-  
assembling on board. It was really  
most ludicrous. However, a sea voy-  
age which included several sharp gales  
of wind soon erased all sad memories;  
things gradually "brightened," and ere  
many weeks passed all on board H. M.  
S.—resumed their usual appearance.

## An abduction from the Seraglio.

Selim Hanai, in the employ of Murad  
Pasha, at Constantinople, was the other  
day brought before the Judge on the  
charge of aiding and abetting the ab-  
duction of the favorite Fatima, by Ba-  
ron Nadetz, a young French diplomatist.  
He confessed to having conveyed  
love-letters between the parties, also to  
having supplied the beautiful Fatima  
with the complete outfit of a Savoyard  
organ-grinder, barrel-organ and mon-  
key included, thus assisting her escape.  
The happy couple got safely to Paris,  
where the fair Oriental abjured the  
faith of her fathers and was married to  
the Baron in the Church of the Made-  
leine. At the ceremony quite a flutter  
of excitement was created among the  
Paris ladies by a set of Oriental pearls  
said to be worth 3,000,000 piastres,  
which Fatima had brought with her as  
a souvenir of Murad Pasha and his bar-  
ren Selim, who had already received  
fifty strokes of a cane by order of his  
master, now solemnly appealed to Al-  
lah and the Prophet, though he admit-  
ted with a grin of satisfaction that Ba-  
ron Nadetz had given him 2,000 pi-  
astres for his services and promised  
him the position of concierge and a  
house in Paris. The Judge sentenced  
the unfaithful Selim to six months in  
galley.—*Allgemeine Zeitung.*

## A Triumph of French Cookery.

Many wonderful stories have been  
told about the perfection to which the  
culinary art has attained among our  
neighbors across the channel, but the  
following, which we have every reason  
to believe has never before appeared  
in print, is worthy a place in the col-  
lection. It was related to the writer  
by a gentleman who had it from the  
lips of one of the chief actors in the  
story.

During the Crimean war an English  
officer high in rank sauntered one  
quiet afternoon to the French lines,  
and accepted an invitation to dine  
with some officers of the allied army.  
The repast consisted of several courses,  
each one in the opinion of the English  
officer being more tempting and de-  
licious than the last. On leaving he  
asked a favor if he might be informed  
of what dishes he had partaken,  
and particularly the two last ones.

The cook was sent for, and was  
much embarrassed when told of the En-  
glishman's request. On being pressed he  
replied, with some hesitation, that the  
last two dishes were compounded of  
fragments of meat and poultry which  
had been discarded as offal by the  
English cooks, and which were col-  
lected by day at the rear of the En-  
glish officers' tents.

## The New Era in Our History.

Des Moines Register: Even more  
rapidly than the leaders the humbler  
members of the new generation are de-  
parting. Many of the voters who in  
last November helped to elect the new  
Congress were not born when Lee sur-  
rendered to the Government. Very  
many more have only the boyish  
memory of the great struggle. The  
Nation now has for President a man  
whom the country had not heard of  
when the War closed, and of whom it  
had heard scarcely anything until six  
years ago. The War generation is fast  
disappearing, and the new generation  
is here, and Cleveland, having nothing  
to do with the War, marks the be-  
ginning of a new era in our history as  
John Quincy Adams, the first President  
after the Revolutionary era, elected in  
1825, marked a new era then.

An Albany (N. Y.) *tablo-ggan chuta*  
sends the passengers down at the rate  
of ninety-three miles an hour.

## FARM NOTES.

Get your tools sharpened for next  
spring's work. A good farmer always  
uses sharp tools.

A good fodder-cutter will more than  
pay for its cost in a single winter sea-  
son, and it should be kept in constant  
use.

At a recent exhibition in England  
where prizes were given for walking  
horses, the speed attained was over  
five miles an hour.

Fresh-made butter, with dainty fla-  
vor, must always be sold in preference  
to a butter made three months before  
it is put on the market.

It is the appearance of goods that  
sells them. Nice, large, fat, plump  
white turkeys, ducks, chickens or geese  
always bring outside prices.

Poultry should have a certain  
proportion of salt in their food as well  
as animals, as it is necessary to the  
promotion of health and thrift.

Muslin answers all the purposes of  
glass for runs of little chicks, as it re-  
tains the warmth longer, and will turn  
water if tightly drawn on a frame.

The farmer who does not fence in his  
stock when living along the line of a  
railroad, not only runs the risk of  
losing valuable animals, but endangers  
the lives of travelers.

We would not undertake to raise  
chickens or to keep poultry through the  
winter and spring without a plen-  
tiful supply of dry earth. The best  
time to store it is whenever it is dry.

Roots are valuable aids to digestion  
when given in connection with grain  
food, but when fed exclusively or giv-  
ing them in large quantities they have a  
laxative effect, which quickly runs down the  
sheep.

A dairyman should keep as many  
cows only as he can feed well. It is  
not economical to divide the food  
among a large number when the same  
results can be secured from a smaller  
number well fed.

Young lambs will begin to come in  
about the latter part of January, and  
the ewes should be well sheltered. It  
does not pay to have the lambs born  
in the fields. Give them plenty of  
warmth at first.

An excellent method of utilizing the  
hay seed and dust is to place it where  
the hens can scratch it over. They  
will find quite an amount of valuable  
materials which would be useless for  
any other purpose.

The fleece of the Merino sheep is  
sometimes so thick and heavy that in  
Vermont and Wisconsin, when the  
sheep are sheared early in the season,  
they are blanketed to prevent them  
from becoming chilled.

If a Holstein cow, giving forty  
quarts of milk per day, and requiring  
no more room than a common cow,  
giving ten quarts, can be raised as  
easy as the inferior one, is it wise in  
the farmer to keep the poor milker?

Sheep require careful watching, for  
if they get into trouble of any sort,  
as getting down in gullies or fastened  
in between logs or fence rails, they be-  
come so frightened or discouraged  
they succumb at once and die.

The annual product of maple sugar  
in the United States is estimated at  
400,000,000 pounds. It would be much  
larger if farmers prepared for sugar-  
making in winter, so as to be in full  
readiness when the season opens.

It is estimated that 45,000,000 eggs  
are consumed every day in the United  
States, and yet there are people who  
fear the poultry business will be over-  
done." What nonsense to talk about  
three-quarters of an egg being eaten  
every day by each man, woman and  
child in the country!

Governor McEnery, of Louisiana,  
has issued a call for an inter-state con-  
vention in the interest of stock-rais-  
ing, dairying, fruit-growing, and gen-  
eral agriculture to be held at Lake  
Charles, La., on the 22d, and 24th of  
February.

The Department of Agriculture es-  
timates of area, product, and value  
of corn, wheat, and oats for perma-  
nent record are completed. The official  
work of the year has been thoroughly  
reviewed, with the aid of State co-  
operation, and all available data of  
crop production, and the aggregates  
are substantially those recently re-  
ported.

The corn crop, in round numbers,  
aggregates 1,665,000,000 bushels,  
grown on 75,000,000 acres, and has a  
farm value of \$610,000,000. The  
yield is 25 bushels per acre—44 bush-  
els less than last year. There is an  
increase of area of over 3 per cent,  
and a decrease in product of 1 1/2 per  
cent, while the average price has in-  
creased 12 per cent, or from 32.8  
cents to 36.7 cents per bushel.

The aggregate product of wheat is  
457,000,000 bushels, from an area of  
nearly 37,000,000 acres, having a farm  
value of \$314,000,000. The average  
value is 68.7 cents per bushel, against  
77.1 cents for the previous crop, and  
64.5 cents for the great crop of 1884.  
This is 35 per cent reduction from the  
average value between 1870 and  
1880. The yield of the spring wheat  
centers is better than was expected  
early in the season, and on the Pacific  
coast much worse. The general aver-  
age for winter and spring wheat is  
nearly 12.4 bushels per acre.

The product of oats is 624,000,000  
bushels, 5,000,000 bushels less than  
last year, from an area of over 23,000,-  
000 acres, producing a value of \$166,-  
000,000. The average yield is 26.4  
bushels, against 27.6 last year. The  
average value is 29.8 cent per bushel;  
last year, 28.5 cents per bushel.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

COFFEE CAKES.—Work into a quart  
of dough a rounded tablespoonful of  
butter, half of sugar and one cupful of  
dried currants; work in flour sufficient  
for dough, make in small rolls, dip in  
melted butter, place in pans and let



# The Ypsilantian.

## REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

A republican state convention to nominate a justice of the supreme court in place of James V. Campbell, and two regents of the state university in place of Benjamin O. Grosvenor and James Shearer, will be held at Whitney's opera house, Detroit, on Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1887, at 10 o'clock a. m.

In accordance with a resolution adopted at Grand Rapids, May 10, 1876, every county will be entitled to one delegate for each 500 of the total vote cast for governor at the last state election (Nov. 1886), and one additional delegate for every fraction amounting to 300, but each organized county will be entitled to at least one delegate.

Under a resolution of 1855 no delegate will be entitled to a seat in the convention who does not reside in the county he proposes to represent.

In compliance with a resolution adopted in Detroit, June 22, 1880, the secretary of each county convention is requested to forward to the secretary of the state central committee (No. 9, 4th block, Detroit), by the earliest mail, after the delegates to the state convention are chosen, a certified list of such delegates as are entitled to seats in the state convention from their respective counties.

JAMES MCILLAN, Chairman.

WM. R. BATES, Secretary.

## REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

A republican county convention to elect delegates to the republican state convention will be held at Detroit on Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1887, for the purpose of nominating one judge of the supreme court and two regents of the State University; also to elect delegates to a convention of the judicial circuit, to be held at the city hall, and to transact such other business as may properly come before it, will be held at the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, on

Wednesday, Feb. 16, 1887,

at 11 o'clock a. m. The cities and townships will be entitled to delegates in the county convention as follows:

Ann Arbor City.....	Pittsford.....
First Ward.....	5 Salem.....
Second ".....	4 Superior.....
Third ".....	3 Schoon.....
Fourth ".....	2 Sharon.....
Fifth ".....	1 Sycamore.....
Sixth ".....	3 Sylvan.....
Ann Arbor Town.....	4 Webster.....
Augusta.....	2 York.....
Bridgeview.....	4 Ypsanti Town.....
Dexter.....	3 Ypsanti City.....
Freedom.....	2 Ypsanti City.....
Lima.....	4 Second.....
Lodi.....	4 Third.....
Lyndon.....	4 Fourth.....
Manchester.....	8 Fifth.....
Northfield.....	4 Fifth.....

W. M. OSBAND, Chairman.

R. H. MARSH, Secretary.

## YPSILANTI TOWN CAUCUS.

The republicans of the town of Ypsilanti are requested to meet at the office of D. C. Griffen, Saturday, Feb. 12, 1887, at 2 o'clock p. m., to select five delegates to the county convention to be held at Ann Arbor, Feb. 16, and to transact such other business as shall come before them.

J. EVANS SMITH.

Chm. Rep. Town Com.

## REPUBLICAN WARD CAUCUSES.

The republican voters of Ypsilanti are requested to meet in their respective wards, at 7 p. m., sharp, Monday, Feb. 14, 1887, to select delegates to the county convention to be held at Ann Arbor on the 16th, as follows:

First Ward, Engine House.....	Delegates.....
Second Ward, Capt. Allen's office.....	3
Third Ward, Central Hotel.....	3
Fourth Ward, O. E. Thompson's office.....	3
Fifth Ward, Worden Bros. shop.....	4

Dispatches from Royal Oak, Oakland county, report that McPherson & Meekling, after going through 300 feet of salt, 25 feet of solid rock, and 50 more of salt, struck rock again Friday, and now they have got through that into more salt. Old miners and geologists are bewildered, for the like was never heard of before. Land in the vicinity of the hole which is not leased to mining companies is now valued at \$1,000 per acre. Six months ago \$100 would have bought it easily.

The most horrible railroad disaster in many years, occurred on the Vermont Central, about 2 o'clock last Saturday morning, when an express train was thrown from the track by a broken rail and plunged down a precipice thirty feet upon the ice of a river, the cars took fire and burned, and about fifty lives were sacrificed. How many more such horrors must occur before railroad companies shall be compelled by law to heat their cars by safer means?

The Cambridge (Ill.) Chronicle reports that "The light from an electric-light tower at Davenport, Iowa, falls full upon a flower-garden about one hundred and sixty feet away. During the summer the owner observed that lilies, which usually flower only in the day, opened in the night, and that morning glories unclosed their blossoms as soon as the electric light fell on them."

Many Ann Arbor merchants on Main, Huron, Ann and Washington streets, have signed a remonstrance against a free mail delivery system for the city, believing that the relief from the necessity of people coming down town in the evening for their mail would operate unfavorably upon their trade. Rather slow-coach consideration.

Candidates for Supreme Judge are numerous all over the state. Why can't Washtenaw present the name of Hon. A. J. Sawyer? He would make a good judge.—Courier. We want a man who will stay nominated. We tried the Hon. A. J., last fall, with his tacit consent, but he didn't "stay."

The Michigan Club will celebrate Washington's birthday by a banquet, and unusual interest is given to the occasion by the assured presence of Mr. Blaine and other republican leaders of national eminence.

A Rock Island liquor firm have just been beaten in a suit against an Iowa druggist for a \$1000 liquor bill, on the ground that the sale of the "goods" in Iowa was unlawful.

## Real Estate Transfers.

The following list of transfers for the week ending February 8, is furnished by Francis A. Slattery, Washtenaw County Abstract of Title Office, second floor Farmers and Mechanics' Bank Building, Ann Arbor:

A. Smith to N. W. Cheever, lot 16 blk 1, R. S. Smith's add to Ann Arbor; \$500.  
A. Birk to L. G. Greene, lots 4 and 7 and 2 pieces in blk 8 s e 2 e, and lot 8, 9, 10, 11 in blk 5 s w, Ann Arbor; \$4000.  
G. Wright to H. A. Hastings, lot 30 and part of 3023, Norris & Cross add to Ypsilanti; \$600.  
S. D. Heinrich to M. Heinrich & Geo. W. Stair, part of lot 4 blk 1 s e, Ann Arbor; \$600.  
Chas. A. & Wm. Sprague to Marietta & Hartwell Ross, 24 1/2 a on w 1/2 n 1/4 sec 22, Augusta; \$1000.  
H. B. Bessac to Chas. W. Albin, 46 a on e 1/2 sec 3, Augusta; \$2700.  
T. J. S. Prince to Jas. Gilbert, lot 7 Cross & Shute add to Ypsilanti; \$375.  
W. H. Back to M. A. Burnapp, part of w 1/2 s w 1/4 sec 30, York; \$100.  
W. P. Graves to M. Geepner, 8 1/2 e 1/2 w 1/4 sec 13, Northfield; \$2400.  
L. M. to N. Strong, lot 4 blk 5 n e 4, Ann Arbor; \$1.  
P. Oloott to L. Fuller, lot 25 Wilson & Warner's blk.  
J. M. Stafford to F. G. Schleicher, undivided 1/2 of 30 a on n 1/2 s w 1/4, part of s w 1/4 of n w 1/4 and lot 17 n w 1/4 of s w 1/4 sec 9, Pittsford; \$1050.  
Sopelia Havelin by admn. to R. E. Reeve, lot 2 blk 2 s e, Ann Arbor; \$1500.  
J. G. Davis by admn. to J. J. Robinson, sec 14 sec 5 s e, Ann Arbor; \$1000.  
Wm. to Thos. Sprague, piece on sec 22, Augusta; \$1150.  
Robert to J. K. Campbell, s w 1/4 sec 4 and n 1/4 sec 5, sec 5, Augusta; \$11,400.

## Died.

On Thursday, Jan. 20, of diphtheria, Jessie Bell Filkins, eldest daughter of Abraham and Ada Filkins, aged 11 years, 11 months and 19 days. The burial took place from the residence of Mr. B. Okley, of Superior, where she had come to spend a week, and from which she never returned. All that the poor mother and family could do for her was done, but all in vain; she grew steadily worse although she kept up a bright and cheerful look to the end. An hour, however, before she died she looked up at her mother, calm and resigned, and said, "Well, ma, good bye." She knew that she was going to the eternal home. Jessie was a bright and promising child and will be missed by her school mates and friends, but the pain will be felt most keenly at home where she was an ever-ready helper. Four little sisters mourn with the parents her loss.

Child, thou art so sweetly sleeping,  
All thy care and pain are o'er;  
Smiles upon thy cold lips resting,  
Thou art sleeping no more.  
Never murmur passed thy lips;  
Bowed thee to thy Lord's behest.  
Ever gentle, ever patient,  
Thou hast entered into rest.

## REV. I. N. ELWOOD.

The following touching extract from a memoir in the Michigan Christian Advocate will interest many here:

His bodily suffering, which was severe during most of his sickness, would never prevent his conversing freely with his friends, especially upon religious subjects. Worship with him was a luxury, and he would join with the family in sacred song, and kneel with them at the family altar, though to kneel would cost him quite an effort. On the Saturday morning before his death he led the worship himself by reading the Scriptures and praying. It was a prayer of wonderful sweetness and pathos. He prayed for persons by name, prayed for the members of his family, prayed for me as I was about to leave for my appointment, and then he prayed for himself. "O my Father," said he, "I cannot understand the meaning of this discipline. I love thee, and do not know that I have ever forsaken thee. What wilt thou teach me by this affliction? If it can be thy will, dear Father, raise thy hand and let me up. Oh, please raise thy hand and let me up, but not thy will—"; and his voice faltered; he could say no more, and we arose from our knees and went each to weep by himself.

On Wednesday morning, Jan. 19, Bro. Elwood came to the breakfast table, saying that he had rested better than usual through the night. After the meal his brother Phillip led the family worship, closing with the Lord's prayer, in which Bro. Elwood joyfully joined. He then turned his chair, preparing to leave the table, when without a struggle or a groan, his head dropped back and he was gone.

## ANOTHER CENTENARIAN.

John Kieder of Dexter died last week, aged 110 years.

Mrs. Aseneth Little, wife of James W. Hicks, of Dexter, died on the 26th ult., in her 88 year. She was born at Moravia, N. Y.

—Amos B. Lazell died in Manchester, Jan. 28, aged 54.

## Michigan Mutual Benefit Association.

Mr. B. Lazell, State Agent of the Michigan Mutual Benefit Association, of Hillsdale, Mich., has been in this city for the last few days looking after the interests of that association, and has made the following changes on the board:

President, Frank Smith.  
See here under H. D. Wells.  
Collector, H. D. Wells, in place of A. M. Nicol.

## ADVISORY BOARD.

In place of Jos. Kitchen, (deceased), C. R. Pattison.  
G. W. Parsons.  
E. M. Cole.

## MEDICAL BOARD.

R. E. Knapp, M. D.  
A. Fraser, M. D.  
F. E. Holman, M. D.

General Agent B. Lazell will return to this city in a short time, hoping to secure a good, live, energetic agent to represent our company in this place and vicinity and make a large increase in our membership here. Any one wishing to know about the company, will please call on Capt. E. P. Allen or J. B. Wortley, who were at the annual meeting, and they will give any desired information.

The company has just entered upon its ninth year, and has made 61 assessments and paid 67 losses which amount to more than \$150,000. This company is confined to the state of Michigan.

Having talked with Mr. Lazell and the gentlemen who represented us at the annual meeting, I am convinced that the company is sound and all right. A prompt payment of assessments is necessary to enable the company to pay losses promptly. I have to make a report after each assessment and remit the money or receipts. Those having lapsed assessments can make satisfactory arrangements by calling on me at the store of Wells & Fisk.

H. D. WELLS.

## "Doc." Bennett at the Ball.

No man in Ypsilanti enjoys a broader acquaintance or stands higher in the estimation of his friends than does our genial friend, "Doc." Bennett. The fact that "Doc." is the broadest and highest man in this vicinity, physically, may have had something to do with the estimation above referred to. "Doc."

attended the ball and reception given by the Ypsilanti Polo Club at the Follett House, last Friday evening, and in spite of the fact that he is a bachelor of long standing and uncertain age, was the lion of the evening. He was attired in recherche full dress style, with a paper collar of the latest pattern, a gorgeous red tie of liberal proportions, and from his shining shirt front blazed a magnificent diamond of the very best manufacture. The experience of our friend in matters terpsichorean has been heretofore principally extended to the 11x16 best-room of rural mansions, where as a manipulator of the art of responding to the classic strains of the Arkansas Traveler and the calls, "First couple for'ard and back," "dance to the girl with the red dress on," he has acquired a reputation fully commensurate with his ample proportions. It is not surprising, therefore, that the chivalry and beauty displayed at Follett Hall, the entrancing glances of bright eyes, the rhythmic motion of flying feet, the alluring strains of the dreamy waltz, and the dazzling glare of diamonds and gas, aroused in the broad

breast of the gentleman from Superior emotions of admiration and awe, and caused him to retire at a late hour too full for utterance.

## County Republican Club.

There will be a meeting of the Washtenaw County Republican Club immediately after the adjournment of the County Convention, Wednesday, Feb. 16. Important business will come before the meeting, and a full attendance is desired.

J. E. BEAL, President.

## A Donkey Social.

The event of the week will be a donkey social at Mrs. Quirk's, Wednesday eve of next week, Feb. 16th, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of St. Luke's church. Admission 10c and 5c extra for a look at the menagerie—15c in all.

There will be a variety of games played and all who go will undoubtedly have an enjoyable time.

## Saline.

Dr. H. A. Nichols has changed his mind in regard to California.

Dr. Daniel Hall is reported very sick. The remains of Clark Rogers were brought here from Oscoda, Co., and interred the 4th inst.

G. B. Willard, an old Saline boy, we see is in business at Algiers, La. Ed. Kanouse starts for his home in Dakota some day this week.

Miss Lilly Lee of Ypsilanti was in town the 4th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Marsh visited Ypsilanti the 1st inst.

Mrs. Glasier and daughter are visiting at Ypsilanti.

Henry Ford of Milan, Eugene Ford of Mooreville, Mr. Upton of Hudson, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Barnard and daughter of Ypsilanti were in town last week to attend the funeral of Mrs. E. W. Ford.

The public installation of officers for the I. O. G. T. has been postponed for two weeks.

Harry Heller of the dental department at Ann Arbor Sunday at home. The Jessie Bonestell troupe played Trixie and Pedro to fair houses the 4th and 5th inst. We noticed that Ed. Stair of the Howell Republican, a brother of Orin Stair formerly editor of the Saline Observer, was the manager of the troupe, his stage name being Ed. Douglass.

## Newcomb.

Willis L. Potter intends starting on a visit to York State this week.

Will Dunsingburg, Wm. H. Willings, T. C. Howard and C. H. Greenman spent last Friday in Detroit seeing the sights.

It is with regret that we have to announce this week the loss of Mr. S. P. Ballard's house by fire, last Friday morning, which was a rocking chair, and which he had insured with the Washtenaw Mutual, but they have lost hundreds of dollars worth of goods and kitchen and curiosities that money would not compensate them for. The insurance on the contents was very low. They lost everything in the upper story of the building, including \$65 in money. All they had in the dining-room, kitchen, woodhouse and cellar was burned, and what makes it seem so much worse is that they are quite old. Mrs. Ballard had been very sick and was just getting able to sit up a little, and Mr. Ballard has a lame leg. They are stopping with Mr. Wm. Russell's folks at present. They have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Markham, having been married twenty-seven years last Sunday, their friends and neighbors to the number of thirty assembled at their house last Saturday evening to remind them of the same. As a token of their esteem presented them with a handsome handkerchief, rocking chair, photograph album and majolica flower vase. Although Mrs. Markham has been an invalid for the last three years we hope that it may be her lot to live many years longer. After enjoying a pleasant evening and partaking of a bountiful supper, the guests departed, all feeling that they had passed a pleasant evening. But it did not seem right not to see the genial countenances of Mr. and Mrs. Markham.

One day last week your correspondent visited the Broom Handle factory, of Mr. Rice, of Whitaker, and saw him make some of his patent slot and wire fence. I don't see why it could not be made of great utility on a farm. It is put in five rod sections made of pickets, five-eighths of an inch thick, two inches wide, woven into four double strands of No. 12 wire. It makes a very nice looking fence. Any one wishing to see the same, or to see a fence will do well to call at Rice's mill and examine his fence.

Charlie Coon, formerly of the firm of Rice & Coon, of Whitaker, is now working for Wm. Deubel in the lower grist mill at Ypsilanti.

## Belleville.

Died, Friday, Feb. 4th, James Polhemus, at the age of seventy-five years. He had been sick for three weeks. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. R. L. Hewson at the M. E. church, Sunday.

Miss Effie Frame visited the County House, Sunday.

A number of the members of the R. A. went to Watonville, Friday evening, to institute a lodge at that place.

Lettie Fell will teach the spring term of school at Smithville.

Several of our people will join the Good Templars Friday evening.

The Odd Fellows will have a lodge room over B. T. Whitaker's store on Main street.

The R. A. will soon occupy the Odd Fellows' hall.

The rink is being repaired by S. K. Cole & Co.

Wm. Kinney is forming R. A. lodges in this part of the state.

Geo. Carr, of Detroit, was in town Monday.

Revival services are now held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

A party from this place will visit the Rawsonville I. O. G. T., Saturday evening.

The B. C. B. hold dances at Grange hall every Saturday evening.

Rena Ayres, of Carleton, is in town. J. A. Cady and wife "did" Belden, Saturday and Sunday.

Frank Burt is ill.

## Pittsford.

We have all the rain we want.

R. C. Begole, the Belleville editor, sojourned at home Monday.

A republican caucus is held at the town house to-day.

The Misses Corey of New York are visiting Miss Sarah Squires.

S. P. Sumner and Mrs. Wm. Crane are on the sick list.

Jacob Ogley nightly looks over the rails of the T. & A. between Pittsford and Urania.

The present administration has changed the political complexion of the western part of the town. Mr. B. N. Smith has painted his house.

I. Flegel's family are all suffering with sickness. Ann Arbor butchers are scouring the country seeking what they may devour.

Mascotte great 50 cigar. For Sale by R. C. Coy, depot druggist. 7073.

Frank Whitman left Monday for Northville, which will be his future home, he having accepted a situation in the machine shop of the School Furniture Co., of that town.

## Common Council Proceedings.

### SPECIAL MEETING.

FRIDAY, EVE., Jan. 21, 1887.

Mayor presiding.

Roll called; present full Council.

Mayor informed the Council that he had called the Special meeting owing to a letter received by him from the State Board of Health, enquiring what action, if any, had been taken by the City toward water works, or other sanitary improvements, and before replying he desired the sense of the Council as to their views.

Ald. Ainsworth moved that the City Attorney be instructed to have the charter amended so that the city may construct and maintain water works. Carried.

Ald. Bellows offered the following: Resolved, That the question as to whether the city shall be bonded in a sum not to exceed \$100,000, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a system of water works in said city, shall be submitted to a vote of the qualified electors of said city, a special election which is hereby called for that purpose, to be held April 4, 1887, being on the day of the next municipal election, and the City Clerk is hereby instructed to prepare the necessary notices and ballots.

On motion, Council adjourned.

FRANK JOSLYN, City Clerk.

### SPECIAL MEETING.

MONDAY, EVE., Jan. 31, 1887.

Mayor presiding.

Roll called; absent Ald. Bellows and Deubel. The Mayor stated that the meeting was called to consider the extension of time for collection of the taxes.

Ald. Kirk moved that the time for the payment of taxes be and the same is hereby extended to and including the 21st day of Feb., '87. Carried.

Unanimous consent.

Ald. Kirk presented the following resolution: Resolved, That the Com. on Fire Dept., together with the Mayor and Clerk, are hereby authorized to settle for the new engine on best terms possible, and to draw an order on the Contingent Fund for half the sum agreed upon, and issue bond for the balance, due in one year, lowest rate of interest obtainable.

Adopted.

Ayes 7. Nays 1—Ald. Norton.

On motion, Council adjourned.

FRANK JOSLYN, City Clerk.

### REGULAR MEETING.

MONDAY EVE., Feb. 7, 1887.

Ald. Bellows presiding.

Roll called; absent Ald. DeNike, Norton and Deubel.

### PETITIONS.

O. E. Thompson, asking permission to occupy western terminus of High street, west of Park street for storage of lumber. Granted.

### REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

City Clerk.—That he had received liquor bond of Gilbert M. Brown.

Bond approved.

City Attorney.—Submitting new contract with James W. Chaffin.

Ald. Ainsworth moved that the same be accepted, when signed and new bond given by said Chaffin.

### CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS.

M. Cremer, 1/4 salary..... \$150 00

C. W. Chaffin, 1/4 salary..... 25 00

O. G. LaRue, 1/4 salary..... 37 50

W. G. Martin, rep. tools..... 6 90

 Post Gas Co., lighting lamps, Jan..... 73 80 |  || M. Cremer, teamster, clearing snow, etc 122 52 |  |
| Voted from Contingent Fund..... |  |

J. W. Case, lighting lamps, Jan..... 115 23

Ald. Ainsworth moved to pay same less one cent, making amount \$114 54.

Carried.

Ayes 7. Nays 0.

O. G. LaRue, wood..... 57 61

Voted from Poor Fund.

Ayes 7. Nays 0.

### MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. Kirk.—Whereas, G. M. Brown has paid one hundred and fifty dollars, liquor tax, from Feb. 1, 1887, to May 1, 1887, being three months time only; to cover time he was not in business.

Resolved, That an order be drawn on the Contingent Fund in his favor for \$75 00 to cover time he was not in business.

Adopted.

Ayes 7. Nays 0.

Ald. Ainsworth moved that Ald. Bellows be requested to ascertain, and report at next meeting, the cost to engage services of W. R. Lewis to come here and investigate as to obtaining a supply of good water.

Carried.

On motion, Council adjourned to meet Monday evening, February 21, 1887, at 7:30 o'clock.

FRANK JOSLYN, City Clerk.

## An Affidavit—To Whom It May Concern.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, ss. On this 9th day of February, 1887, personally appeared before me Elias S. Clark, of the City of Ypsilanti, State of Michigan, a statement being made by Wm. H. Lewis of the Follett House, of the City of Ypsilanti, to the effect that Wm. H. Lewis, of the Follett House, of the City of Ypsilanti, had deposited twenty dollars in money belonging to one W. C. Dally, who recently died at the Follett House, said W. C. Dally came to the Hawkins House, Friday, Jan. 21, '87, and on Saturday Mr. Hawkins informed said Mr. Dally had deposited twenty dollars with him for safe keeping. On Saturday evening, in my presence, Mr. Dally asked Mr. Hawkins for five dollars, which Mr. Hawkins handed him. On Monday following, for improper conduct in the office, which I had charge of, as Mr. Hawkins was in his room sick, I ejected Mr. Dally from the hotel. When doing so, he said Mr. Hawkins had fifteen dollars of his money, I went directly to Mr. Hawkins' room, asked him about it. He replied that he had, and gave me the money, which I then gave to Mr. Dally. He said that was right, and handed me five dollars to take his bill out of, I did, and gave him his change, and it left him \$10.50 of the money I handed to him. He took that amount with him when he left the house. As Mr. Lewis is trying to injure Mr. Hawkins' business, as well as his integrity, I take this way of stating to the community the facts, as I know them to exist. Mr. Hawkins had given Mr. Dally a receipt for this show he held the money for safe keeping. I did not know of this paper, therefore I did not take it up. Since Mr. Dally's death, I understand Mr. Lewis is flourishing and showing this receipt, and representing that Mr. Hawkins refuses to pay over the money, and that too after Mr. Hawkins had explained to Mr. Lewis how the matter had been settled, and why Mr. Clark did not take up this receipt. There is no doubt but Mr. Lewis has taken this course for the purpose of injuring Mr. Hawkins' business and hoping thereby to build up his own.

S. S. CLARK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of February, 1887.

D. C. GRIFFEN, Notary Public.

## &lt;